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The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone



The Christian Family Gives Thanks to God—Cecil A. Jarman
How Long Is Parent Tenure?—Frank Lansing

NOVEMBER, 1960—25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Giving Thanks. It is all too easy to forget "the Source" by which one attains material and spiritual wealth. Cecil A. Jarman reminds us that "The Christian Family Gives Thanks to God" in words and also in lives dedicated to many responsibilities at hand. **A Way of Life.** Many people think of worship as an act experienced on Sunday morning, at prayer meetings, in family circles. Worship may occur at these times, but it may also happen at other times. In the article, "Make Family Worship a Way of Life," Carol Albright points out how even in playtime a small child may include activities that have been shared in family worship. This makes the child's worship experience a part of his living.



No Neighbors. Have you ever had problems with neighbors? Possibly most of us have at some time. If now is the time your appreciation of their good qualities needs strengthening, or you would like to fortify yourself for the future (just in case), you will want to read the story, "Not the Neighborly Sort" by Eileen M. Hasse.

Parents on Their Own. For 18 to 25 years, parents rear their son or daughter for the time that their son or daughter will be on his or her own. After that, the parents are on their own again. They need a new orientation. Homelife is not the same in many ways. "How Long Is Parent Tenure?" by Frank Lansing will help parents to begin preparing themselves for this period in their homelife.

The Cover. The Pilgrims had neither wealth nor power with which to make friends with the Indian. Yet, with simple food, a powerful faith in God, and fairness in their hearts, they shared of their bounty and thanksgiving.

Coming Soon. "Bridges Between Generations" by Channing M. Briggs; "Christmas in Your Heart" by Marjorie King Garrison; "Christmas Wonder" by Frances T. Feazel and "Time to Take" by Eileen M. Hasse.

Until then,
R. C.

The Christian Family Gives Thanks To God

by Cecil A. Jarman

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER is generally associated with the season of remembrance culminating in the observance of Thanksgiving Day. It is the season for enumerating our blessings and for indulging in feasting and rejoicing. We often regard it as one of our important holidays but it is more than a mere national observance. Thanksgiving is a real family affair if it becomes truly significant!

Our thoughts turn homeward at Thanksgiving time and people will often journey hundreds of miles to participate in family gatherings on Thanksgiving Day. The thanksgiving turkey is often the most realistic symbol of the meaning of Thanksgiving. For the Christian family, however, much more is involved in this season of remembrance.

Many, many years ago an unknown psalmist wrote,

It is good to give thanks to the LORD,
to sing praises to thy name, O Most High;

and in so doing he gave expression to the fundamental reasons for profound gratitude. Thus, when Christian families gather together this year for a thanksgiving feast-day they will want to give thanks to God for all of his benefits toward us.

Families will want to give thanks to God for all of life's material blessings, as innumerable as they are for most of us. When we begin to "count our blessings" we know not where to stop or how to begin. Thanksgiving, however, comes to remind us that with the gifts there is a "giver." It is a good thing to have such reminders! All too often people take so many things for granted. We are not necessarily ungrateful but our blessings have been so continuous and manifold that we tend to accept them without too much regard for a recognition of "the Source." It is not without significance that when the Pilgrim fathers gathered for their first thanksgiving observance, they centered

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their attention on Psalm 24,

"The earth is the LORD's and the fulness thereof. . . ."

This was their way of expressing deep gratitude to God for all his blessings. Of all the virtues that help to make life rich and abundant, surely the grace of gratitude stands toward the top of the list. We need to remember that it is as important to learn how to receive gracefully as it is to give. How well this art can be cultivated in the Christian family! Just as the small child has to be taught to say "thank you," so at Thanksgiving time the Christian family provides opportunities for thanking God.

The Christian family knows that it is a good thing to give thanks to God, for true gratitude helps us to avoid many pitfalls and dangers of modern living. It is so easy for us to think of Thanksgiving as a time of going and coming, of eating and drinking, forgetting the deep spiritual implications of

the season. There is the danger of the pharisaical attitude which implies that because of our spiritual heritage we are the most blessed nation on earth with an abundance of natural and material resources, even the richest nation in the world. There is the pitfall of enumerating the material blessings while failing to acknowledge the spiritual foundations and resources. There is also the danger of concentrating so much upon our own material benefits that we become insensitive to the appalling physical and spiritual needs of God's children around the world. Thus, the tendency may be that of satisfaction and complacency and the closing of eyes and ears to the needs of humanity. The Christian family will recognize these dangers and know that it is a good thing to give real thanks to God.

It will be a good thing for the Christian family properly to observe Thanksgiving for then they will become aware of the grave

responsibilities which God place upon his children. The true spirit of gratitude opens the doors of our lives to the marvelous privileges that we have, but it also inspires us to assume greater responsibilities. It awakens within us a greater concern for people—people who are in need, those far and near—and inspires us to help meet their needs. It leads us to a fuller acceptance of social responsibilities. It develops sympathetic understanding for all persons who may be faced with hardship and difficulty. It causes each Christian to analyze his stewardship responsibility and begin to share his material goods with those who are in need. There are those in every community who, for one reason or another, are unable to have a sufficient amount of the bare necessities of life. The Christian responds to this need. There are millions throughout the world who are on a starvation diet and need the support from those who care and are concerned. The Thanksgiving season inspires Christians to want to share. The Christian family will want to have a part in sharing with those in need.

At Thanksgiving time, the Christian family pauses to acknowledge with sincere appreciation its great religious heritage. It is not enough to recognize and be thankful for material abundance. Material resources did not make our country what it is. We must know that we are the benefactors of great religious and spiritual foundations. One can not help but recognize that the nation's greatest inheritance is that pertaining to the religious convictions and foundations of our pioneering forefathers. We need to remember that it was the Pilgrims' love of liberty that inspired them to seek a new world. This love of liberty was cradled in religious convictions. The Pilgrims seem to have been convinced that every person is a child of God and thereby endowed with certain inalienable rights.

Thanksgiving reminds us that there are symbols everywhere that

Life

I am grateful for life, and for the fullness of it that has been mine. Born on an American frontier to share in the want and privation of a new land, I learned to accept responsibility early in life. I saw life when it was cruel, ugly, and sordid and watched it change to fruitfulness, beauty, and complete fulfillment. I experienced the frustration of a lonely childhood and, later on, the ecstasy of being a beloved wife and mother.

I have weathered sorrows that changed into gladness—crying that merged into singing—dim shadows that gave way to sunshine. Because of all these things, I realize more every day that life in its entirety is good, and that it is God's greatest gift to mankind.

So—I am truly grateful for this life, and even more so, for the promise of a better life to come.

—Eunice E. Heizer

point to our religious heritage. Church buildings are persistent reminders. Millions of dollars are being spent each year for new church buildings or for renovating old ones. It is common knowledge also that church membership in this country is at an all-time high. At the same time, our problems relating to human relationships continue to mount heavily and rapidly, largely because we have not made proper use of our religious heritage. We have failed to put true meaning into our heritage of freedom. We often speak of our heritage of freedom to worship but just how free are all of God's children? We say that we have freedom of speech but do we always speak our convictions and give others the right to speak theirs? We often boast of our freedom of thought but are we doing enough hard, straight thinking concerning the major problems of our time? These considerations weigh heavily upon the Christian family at Thanksgiving.

Edwin T. Dahlberg, president of the National Council of Churches, maintains that our religious heritage of faith and doctrine are of tremendous significance to successful Christian family life. Christian faith helps to keep our homes firm and stable. He reminds us that we have achieved much in our material development. Nevertheless, had it not been for the religious convictions of our forefathers and the faith which they brought to these shores, we, too, might be in similar destitution and misery as those of what we call "the backward nations." When the Christian family gets together at Thanksgiving time, all these fresh reminders become pertinent.

How, then, can the Christian family make the best use of the Thanksgiving season as they assemble to give thanks unto God? To offer prayers of thanksgiving to God is not enough even while considering the things that we can be thankful for. These families will need to give fresh thought and consideration to the ways in which the home is being

accented today as an important aspect of the Christian life. The church is intensifying its efforts to relate its program of work more directly to the home, recognizing that it can not accomplish its mission without the family. More and more, opportunities are being made to include family life experiences. Family-life institutes, camps, and conferences are being held all over the country. Family worship services are being held and numerous other ways are being utilized to make the Christian family an integral part of the church's life. At Thanksgiving time, the family unit can consider how it can enhance the church's effort at this point.

When the family comes together at Thanksgiving, they might consider anew their religious convictions and faith. An important trend in church life today is the re-examination of the Christian faith for the individual. Much is being written in religious books and periodicals to help the laymen become more dynamic Christian leaders. Gustave Ferré has recently published a book that is helpful for each layman. The title is, *The Layman Examines His Faith*. The family at Thanksgiving may want to decide what books and materials they can secure that will help them best at this point. To put new meaning into the content of the Christian faith will be a decided asset to the Christian family.

Thanksgiving will also be a good time for the family to examine anew the churchmanship responsibilities. Yes, they believe in the church but has each one been truly committed to its work and program? Now is the time for fresh commitment. What better time could there be than at Thanksgiving celebrations for the family to consider ways in which each member would resolve to be a better churchman in the future. How can I give more of my time, talent, and energy to the work of the church and how can I use my life best in being an effective witness for Christ in these days of tremendous opportunity?

(See Meeting Plans on pages 26, 27)

We Dedicate Our House

by Dorothy L. Yates

FAMILIES FIND JOY TOGETHER in making memorable events of the household an occasion for worship. When the years of saving and planning finally bore fruit and we moved into our new house, we felt this landmark should be solemnized by a special dedication service. Since thousands of American families move every day, many may wish to adapt the simple pattern we worked out for dedicating our new home.

Our children were then three, six, and eight years old. The eight-year-old had just learned Psalm 100 in Sunday church school, so that was an appropriate opening. We gathered by the fireplace, and the father lighted the first fire. Then we said the psalm,

"Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the lands! . . ."

Another Sunday church school contribution followed: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."¹

Next, the father read the story of the house built on a rock, Matthew 7:24-27.

Then the mother offered prayer, something like this: Our Father, we thank you for all your wonderful gifts to us through the years. You have given us health and strength, three lovely children to make a family, and now a beautiful new house for us to live in. We ask you, God, to be with us in our new house. We ask you to help us share our house with others. We want you to shine through our lives, so that everyone who enters this house may feel the warmth of your love, radiant, through us. In Jesus' name we dedicate this house. Amen.

We ended our little service of dedication with the last verse of the song, *Jacob's Ladder*.²

¹From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. The Westminster Press.

²From *The Chapbook*. Bethany Press.

MAKE FAMILY WORSHIP A WAY OF LIFE

by Carol Albright

"WHAT IS THE BABY DOING?" a visitor in our home asked. Loren was chanting and making motions with his hands.

"He's singing *'Away in a Manger,'*" I replied. "Watch when I sing it. He does the same things every time."

"Why that's amazing for a sixteen-month-old child. I think that is just wonderful. How in the world did you teach him?" I told her that he had learned it from sharing in our family devotional period where we try to plan something in which every child can share. Every parent who gears family worship in some way to reach all the members of the family has felt the surge of joy brought about by his child's growing spiritual accomplishments.

Many people are unaware of the potential understanding and development within the child who is taught to seek daily expression in creative spiritual activity. From the small child who can only clap his hands or copy some other expressive movement to the teen-ager who writes poetry, children can learn from family worship that which will enrich their lives and encourage their adventures into creative fluency.

When our oldest child was not quite a year old, we began trying to find ways that he could participate in our family worship and not just watch. We began using candles, a Bible, and religious pictures on our "family altar." He would become quiet when we sang "Jesus Loves Me." From this simple beginning we watched

him grow capable of more participation. Then gradually we noticed in his playtime that he was including activities we had shared in our family worship. We have never ceased to wonder at the enthusiasm and interest in things spiritual the children have shown as they were growing.

One day when he was eight, I heard Mike in his room singing a lovely song. It sounded familiar, but I couldn't place it. "Lost my heart to Jesus; He's the one I love," he sang.

"Did you learn that in Sunday school?" I asked him.

"No. You know that song on the Andy Burnett show, 'Lost my heart to the mountains'? Well, I just decided that, much as I love the mountains, I love Jesus more. So I decided to make up words about that," he replied. That was his first venture into matching original song lyrics to familiar tunes.

Ariel Sue has turned her interest in ballet and dancing into creating original rhythmic interpretations of religious poetry and hymns. This interest has found opportunity for expression and enriched several special church services. It has even sparked the interest of others in an interpretive rhythmic choir. All of this began from observing that many hymn lyrics tell a story which can be pantomimed with rhythms.

The intriguing world of creating worship centers claims countless hours of the children's time. We have colored cloths, candles, materials for flower arrangements,

dolls from many lands, and a file of religious pictures which receive a lot of use. When the children show me their final efforts, we talk about them. "I see you remembered to keep it simple. It's less cluttered and more expressive than the one you built yesterday." Or, "I like the way you chose your colors. Do you think one candle would be as effective as two?" Or, "Oh, that's perfect. I don't see how you could improve on that!" At nine and ten, our oldest children have become as capable in this service as most adults. We even find three-year-old Kevin "arranging" worship centers on his own little table.

Religious records for children are a good investment for any family, but they can serve a special purpose to some. Several times parents have approached us saying, "Neither of us can carry a tune in a bucket. How can we include music in our family worship experiences?" Religious records can solve this problem. Records of rich organ music for meditation, or for accompaniment of family singing, are available. So are hymns and songs for children. Small children find it exciting to sing with such records.

For several years we have created some of our own Christmas decorations. We have spent some educational evenings in a spirit of informal family worship, drawing, painting, and cutting scenes of the first Christmas. It has given us extra time to practice Christmas carols together and learn some of the words.



—Harmon

We discovered before our children entered school that preschoolers can master a complicated piece like, "Angels We Have Heard on High," with its difficult "Gloria in excelsis Deo" chorus, if given enough opportunity to sing it. Our choir director once shamed an adult choir whose members thought this hymn was too difficult, by telling how our cherub choir (of five- to seven-year-olds) mastered it every year for the Christmas program.

Reading from the Bible cultivates clear enunciation and stretches the vocabulary as well. Children enjoy having and reading from their own Bibles. Even a first-grader can learn to read a simple verse like "God is love." Preschooler enjoys learning to recognize a word like "God." Even a child of two or three can enjoy the thrill of finding it on a page and "reading" it. Young children can be told simple Bible stories, be allowed to select a picture for the devotional thoughts a family shares, and taught as they learn to talk to create and pray simple prayers.

Our children's growth and ideas have spurred us on to new spiritual horizons, many times. This is true of any family that seeks growth through family worship. Everyone grows and shares when it is a time of creative spiritual activity. In one family

we know, a talented teen-ager wrote an original composition of mood music inspired by a certain psalm, read one evening in family devotions.

Through the inspiration supplied by your family's taking time together to worship, you'll soon find your child singing a favorite hymn while preoccupied with a task at home or overhear his chance remark to a friend in your back yard, "How could anyone, who's been able to look up on a starry night like this, doubt God?" You'll discover him engaged in writing a theme for English on the ministry or missions; or run across a wonderfully thought out, searching, earnest prayer, in his unmistakable scrawl on a discarded piece of paper; and you'll know his life is being molded in the right direction.

It is important to help each child to understand, within the limits of his own experience, "how to work the works of faith." When you hear your child sharing, "Because that's what Jesus would have him do," or risking his popularity to defend a principle, it is because someone has helped him have a religious conviction of his own. He matures as a Christian as he learns to find daily opportunities for creative and practical expression of his religious experience.

Real Christianity is a way of

life. It dominates attitudes and becomes as natural to the one who practices it as speaking. This is not because he can quote scripture, or recite "the plan of salvation," but because he believes in the principles Christ taught. He seeks to express his interest in things spiritual in many ways: how he goes about his daily work, how he serves his church, how he uses his money and talent. He is not embarrassed to express himself about spiritual matters, but finds joy in that expression. He feels at home with his faith, and seeks to make his everyday life one of satisfying achievement and growth toward that better person God sees in him.

How does one go about having such a faith? By learning, even as a child does, to enjoy, probe, and savor each spiritual experience, following it to its natural end-growth. One must be neither awed, nor self-satisfied with his last step, but press on to discover for himself the great adventure and many mysteries God holds before him; growing, always growing with each new idea or experience. Somewhere along the line, his faith will become his own, vital and alive, born of experience, not just handed down in ritual and form by his family or church. Toward this end, we try to make our family worship inspire our way of life.

NOT THE NEIGHBORLY SORT

by Eileen M. Hasse

Illustrated by Art FitzSimmons

"... Mister Astle. Why are you putting up a fence?"

"OH, NATHAN," Agnes was saying. "I don't believe I'd put up a fence."

What did she know about fences? It was an innocent enough looking little picket fence but it would give the neighbors a hint. Nathan was not the neighborly sort.

"Yeah, Mister Astle. Why are you putting up a fence?"

That was Merrie Shane. She was five and didn't know about fences or neighbors. If she did, she wouldn't be always coming out to talk to Nathan when he didn't want to talk.

"A nice quiet little house," he had said when they moved in. That's all he wanted—a quiet place and Agnes. He didn't need



ny nosey neighbors.

"But we need people," Agnes hook her pretty auburn head. He had said it when they discussed joining some of the activities of the church. "There's the study club and men's fellowship. The ladies have a mission society."

"Frills! Just frills. Can't we just go to church and not have people milling around us all the time?" Agnes was funny that way—always seemed to want people!

"It's just that I thought we'd make some friends."

"Friends! We have Charley!" As if Charley wasn't enough. "A fellow doesn't have to be friends with the whole neighborhood!"

"All right, Nathan," Agnes had said.

That was it. Charley lived to the left. He was a good gardener and was always friendly but didn't wear out his welcome. It was Agnes who had encouraged that little scamp, Merrie Shane. Agnes was funny that way—almost as if she were lonesome. Perhaps she would have liked to have had a family but somehow there just never were any children for her and Nathan. That was all right with Nathan. Eighteen years of marriage had given them a good living, a lovely home—a quiet one, too, in spite of Agnes' yelps for people.

Nathan came back from his visions of the past to realize that Agnes was staring at him and so was Merrie.

"Yeah, Mister Astle, why are you making a fence?" Merrie wanted an answer.

"To keep little girls from running over—"

"Oh, Nathan," Agnes cut him short. "He's just kidding you, Merrie. Nathan likes the looks of a fence."

"But it's going to be too tall for anyone to step over," Merrie seemed to be sizing up the length of those pickets.

"That's just—," Nathan began.

"That's just because the tall pickets happen to be the fashion," Agnes interrupted.

"You want me to come around the fence when I come over, Mis-

ter Astle?"

"Well—"

"Merrie, honey, Nathan is going to make a little gate right in the middle of the fence."

"I hadn't figured on a gate, Agnes."

"Until just now," Agnes laughed. She had a way of twisting things about to fit her own need. Sometimes that woman was most exasperating. Did she have to have Merrie tromping over every time she saw anyone about? A good husband, a fine house, and yard, lovely furniture—ought to be enough to keep any woman contented. And, of course, there was church. Every Sunday Agnes did her share of chatting outside the church door.

"Don't know as I can make a gate," Nathan squirmed. Then he saw Merrie's chocolate-drop-eyes riveted on him. "Course, you can come around the front walk," Nathan said.

Merrie seemed to sense Nathan's half-heartedness in that suggestion. "I just remembered I didn't feed my goldfish."

She was gone. Agnes' steady gray eyes were riveted on Nathan. They made him almost angry. Why did a woman have to have people coming and going? "Don't see why you don't like the fence," Nathan muttered as he went about setting up more pickets.

"Too tall." Agnes went in the back door of their newly purchased house.

There was an uncomfortable gnawing inside Nathan that told him the fence made a little gulf between Agnes and himself. He would bridge the gulf. He had done it before. There was the time he had flatly refused to join the couples' club. There was the time he said he didn't want to go to the homecoming banquet at their church back in Fayette. A fellow just had to get a little something new for the living room or buy a good book for the little woman. He did care terribly for Agnes. It was just that a bunch of chattering people were so unnecessary in his life. A woman with a nice home surely could do without the shallow chitchat that

usually passes among neighbors.

Maybe he ought to put a gate in the fence just to please Agnes. After all, he could keep it hooked. Nathan put down his hammer and went to the house to tell Agnes about the gate. It might make her feel a little better.

"Hey, Agnes, what kind of gate do you think—?"

He stopped in the doorway. Agnes must have fallen. She was sprawled on the kitchen floor.

"Agnes! What happened?"

There was no answer—no recognition from the glassy eyes.

"No, God! No!" Somehow he had never thought of living without Agnes. "Charley! Charley!"

Charley must have heard. In seconds he was standing there beside Nathan. It was all like a bad dream. Charley called his family doctor and carried Agnes to the bed. Nathan felt like a vegetable—just nothing to do. Charley's wife, Corine came rushing in and began to rub Agnes' wrists. Then Nathan began to see through the fog of events and sat on the edge of the bed rubbing Agnes' cold hands tenderly.

Dr. Jamey was there after what seemed an eternity. Then Pastor Farness came. Nathan wasn't aware that he had been called but he was grateful. Good old Charley. He was a real neighbor!

"Stroke," Dr. Jamey said quietly.

"But she's only forty." Nathan hadn't thought of Agnes' getting sick or anything. "She's always been so well."

"It happens," Dr. Jamey said. "Even at forty—it can happen."

"You mean—," Nathan didn't recognize his own voice.

"I mean she may pull through. Her age is in her favor."

Through another fog, Nathan saw them take Agnes on a stretcher, in the ambulance to the city hospital. Through the same fog he saw the unfinished task—the fence. He also saw a parade of ladies deposit covered dishes and plates of food on his kitchen table. He watched a person he scarcely knew place a bouquet on

her dresser in the hospital. He returned home from one of his visits at the hospital to see Merrie with her nose pressed between the pickets. Although the fence wasn't finished she respected its limits. Nathan liked to see respect. It was a sterling quality in children. When Merrie saw him she disappeared into her house.

Nathan went into the cold house to nothing. He studied the good furnishings and fine hangings in the house. Everything he bought for Agnes he considered an investment—in dollars and happiness. Everything he carried into his home had a special meaning in permanence. Now it was as nothing. Without Agnes there would be no home. Nathan's eyes burned from the tears he dared not to shed—being a man. She would get well. His prayers were certainly heard. She must get well. Surely God would see that losing Agnes would be too great a wound for him to heal.

The telephone jangled.

"No! I'll be right there!" It was the hospital. "Charley! Charley! Agnes has had another stroke! Help me, Charley!"

"Corine will go with you," Charley said calmly. "I'll wait in the waiting room. Two in the room is quite enough."

It was good to have Corine there. Somehow a man isn't meant for sick rooms and the like.

It was good to have Pastor Farness to put Nathan's thoughts into a presentable prayer. They were comforting words—those of the pastor.

The words of Dr. Jamey were frightening. "Pray," he squeezed Nathan's hand. "This is hard to do—but all I can say is 'wait and pray.'"

"Do something!" Nathan demanded.

"We are doing all we can. The rest is up to God!" Then Dr. Jamey said, "Medicine has its limits. Life is a fragile thing!"

Dr. Jamey ushered Nathan into the lobby where Corine had gone to join Charley. There were others in the lobby. One good friend like Charley was enough! Nathan felt anger toward the

other half-strange faces. There were faces he had seen at the grocery store, at church, and on the street. He didn't need them. All he needed was Charley and God.

"Is there anything we can do, Mr. Astle?" A new voice sounded.

"Nothing," Nathan shook his head.

Dr. Jamey had released Nathan's hand and was preparing to leave the hospital. He looked up to find the person who spoke. "Yes," he said. "As a matter of fact you can do something. Pray for Mrs. Astle."

Dr. Jamey went on his way. The people sifted out of the hospital lobby. Corine went home with some of the neighbors. Charley stayed. Nathan was glad of that.

"I guess a fellow doesn't realize the value of a friend until he really needs one," Nathan said.

"And now we'd better go home. Corine is fixing some of her special chicken soup. You're eating with us tonight."

"Oh, now, Charley—"

Charley didn't let him finish. "It isn't good for a man to eat alone all the time."

The next day when Nathan came home from the hospital he felt numb throughout. Agnes stayed the same. While she grew no worse, she didn't rally the way

he would like to see her do. She still didn't show any signs that she recognized him. It was a horrible experience. Agnes was all he had. He didn't even have a job—yet. He had just been transferred from Fayette to Granville and his new job at the Forestry Lab didn't begin for another week.

"Good morning," he was greeted by a cheerful voice. "May I come in?"

He looked up and into a pair of earnest blue eyes topped by a frothy bit of white hair.

"I'm Mrs. Aikins and this is Mrs. Barnes. I don't suppose you remember seeing us in church. We have come to do the cleaning for Mrs. Astle, poor soul."

Without waiting to be stopped or encouraged the two women began with dusters and vacuum.

"We clean for others for a living, Mr. Astle," Mrs. Barnes said. "So it is easy for us to find our way around another woman's house."

"Of course, we want to do this just to be neighborly," Mrs. Aikins said.

Neighborly? Why didn't they just leave him alone? Agnes would soon be up and around and caring for things—wouldn't she? In a state of confusion Nathan wandered out to work on the fence. This would keep him out of the house while those busybody women were rushing about with dusters and other paraphernalia.

"Telephone, Mr. Astle," Mrs. Barnes called.

He dropped the hammer and made a start to the house. Then he seemed glued to the spot.

"Please hurry," Mrs. Barnes said. "I think it's the hospital."

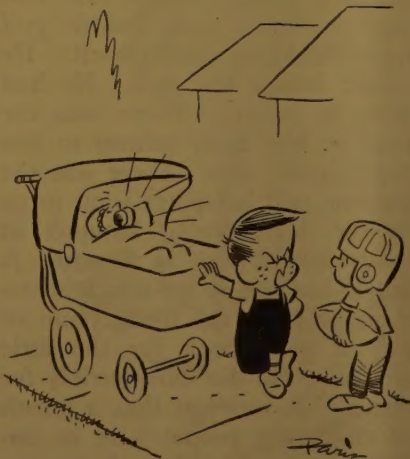
How he reached the telephone, Nathan will never know. He was afraid. He had never before known such a cold, gripping fear.

"Your wife has regained consciousness," the pleasant voice came from the hospital desk. "Perhaps you would like to come."

"Come? Be right there!" He didn't wait to call Charley. He didn't even thank Mrs. Barnes.

(Continued on page 28)

WILBUR



"One day I opened my big mouth and said I wished I had a little brother."

Miracle in the Air

A True Experience

by Lillian Allen

—RNS

WOULD YOU BELIEVE it a miracle if words you had written and believed—but had forgotten—should come back to you on the air just when you needed them most?

I had lain sleepless most of the starlit Arizona night, my mind filled with fears and forebodings of the future. Once I had gotten up and walked out of doors, on the white sands of the desert, trying to draw solace from the bright stars.

When the gray dawn came, and I heard my husband moving about in his room, I reached over and turned on the radio by my bedside, yet hardly hearing the words and the music.

A few months before, my husband, who hardly knew the meaning of the word 'illness,' and who had been a tower of strength for his family, suffered a brain hemorrhage. When he was able to travel, our son, stationed with the United States Navy at Litchfield Park, Arizona, had rented a little prefabricated house near the base, and had brought us out from Oklahoma, where he could be near us.

The change was like a vacation for both of us. We lay in deck chairs in the warm sunshine, or drove out to see the wonder of the desert in bloom. I saw my husband growing tanned and stronger, but I remembered the doctor's words, "The damage that has been done cannot be repaired. He must have complete freedom from pressure and responsibility, and plenty of rest every day."

Relieved of the immediate anxiety for my husband's physical condition, and surfeited with rest and sunshine, my thoughts began to dwell more and more on the future, and I felt myself growing restless and impatient to be doing something tangible

about our plans for the future. We had a modest home, a small savings account. I had my health, but I was past forty, inexperienced and unskilled.

So my thoughts ran—then, gradually I became aware of familiar words coming to me out of the air—*words that I had written long ago—but had forgotten!*

Three times Don McNeil has used my poem, "No True Abode," on his American Broadcasting Company Breakfast Club program, but the only time I ever heard him read the lines, was that morning in Arizona when I needed them desperately!

I had been reading Edna Ferber's *A Peculiar Treasure*, a few years before, and I came upon these words, "*There are three ways in which a man expresses his sorrow,*" Miss Ferber wrote, "*the man on the lowest level cries; the man on the second level is silent, but the man on the highest level knows how to turn his sorrow into song!*" I had lain the book aside and experienced that "once in a lifetime" when a poem writes itself. The verse was published, and I sent a copy of it to Don McNeil, hoping he might use it, but unaware that he had done so until friends called to tell me they had heard him read it on the "Breakfast Club" program, where it was followed with the song, "With a Song in My Heart."

I lay trembling in the presence of what I shall always call my private miracle. "All right," I told myself, "you wrote those words. You told yourself they were true. Now, *let's see if you really believe them!*"

I can only say that from that moment on, I had no fears for the future. We returned to our home near Midwest City. I knew that a newspaper, *The Midwest City Leader*, was published there, but I had never met the publisher. I walked into his office at the very time he was seeking help, and al-

though I had no experience at all, except for a little free-lance writing, he hired me.

Two years later, my husband was permitted to return to work on a limited duty basis.

Looking back, I truly believe that had I permitted my mind to become steeped in fears, my husband would have sensed my attitude, and his recovery would have been greatly retarded or might have regressed. Too, I would never have had the courage to seek a kind of work for which I was so poorly prepared, had not my attitude changed. As it was, my husband knew that I was happy in my new work, and he took upon himself many household chores that helped me—and that helped him, too, for it made him feel needed and useful—and together we worked out a new way of life for both of us.

After I had found employment, I sat down and wrote Don McNeil a letter and told him something of the influence his second reading of my poem had lent to my life. Friends called later to tell me that

Don had read extracts from my letter on his program, and had read the poem again.

Can you wonder that I believe that the age of miracles is not past? Never again shall I forget:

No True Abode*

When I was very young, and sorrows came,
I held them close within my heart and wept,—
Nor ever knew that grief will thrive on tears—
Thus, intimately, I with sorrow dwelt.

Later, I learned that if I were silent,
And over sorrow did not weep and yearn;
It, like a guest unwelcomed and unloved,
Went on its way and did not soon return.

Then as I older grew, and wiser yet,
Another truth I learned through hours long!
Sorrow will not lodge—even for a day—
Within the heart that greets it with a song!

*Published, Oklahoma Farmer Stockman.

by Hilda E. Allen

bIBLEGRAM

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right you will find that the completed pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

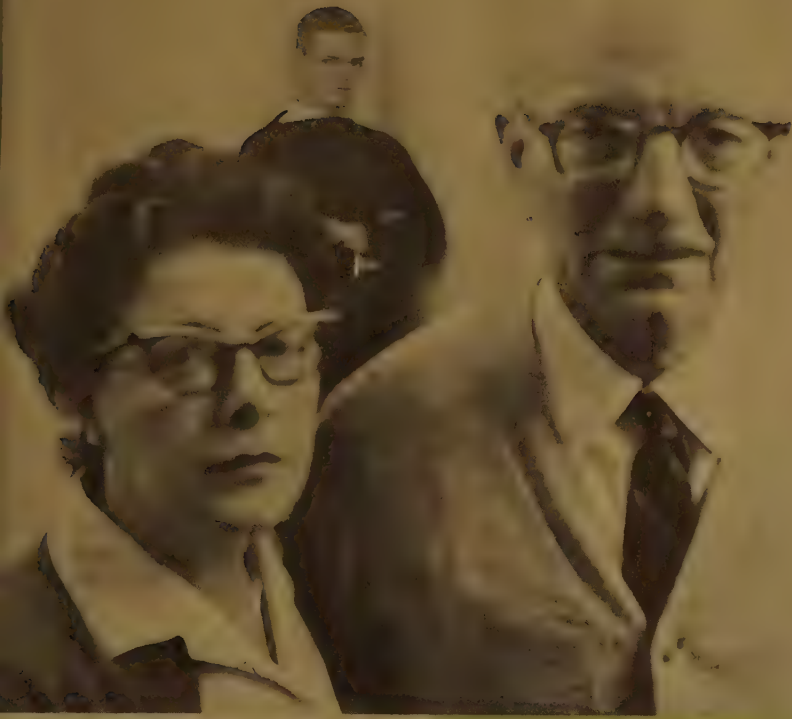
A Cry-baby sound	69 5 32 17 55 40
B Wisdom growing in the mouth	61 85 97 38 111
C Like the cliffs of Dover in the song	21 42 102 39 16
D Small, mean house	31 91 53 27 51
E Unwise	35 48 87 1 29 46 22
F Whetstone for razors	105 92 59 100
G Longing for	65 45 37 99 25 12 47
H Very small weight	114 13 109 82 94
I Existed	76 108 28 20 34
J Animal that is often called "eager"	8 57 95 6 74 64
K Complete in all parts	54 93 89 14 115 63
L Idea	98 68 52 88 10 62 3

M In the air	78 33 112 80 67
N Ran, as a river	79 4 60 41 81 50
O Vex, or tease	43 103 56 71 77
P Reply	58 15 26 107 7 70
Q Insinuations or suggestions	73 66 86 72 104
R Person of another nation	23 30 84 9 113
S Gait of a horse	19 101 106 44
T Describing certain grandparents	110 75 11 36 24
U Give	90 49 96 18 83 2

(Solution on page 30)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112
113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120

by Frank Lansing



Lew Merrim from Monkmeyer

How Long Is Parent Tenure?

THE WEDDING WAS OVER—Jean and Arthur had left the reception in a shower of rice and the farewells of their friends. Jean's parents turned back to the hall which was rapidly emptying. Soon they were alone with the caterer, the janitor and the debris.

"Well," said the father, "it was a happy wedding—just the way he wanted it. I hope they will be happy together. Arthur is a good young man."

"Yes," replied mother, striving to hold back the tears that were so near, "I hope we have prepared our daughter for married life. It is such a responsibility."

In one way or another this experience comes to every parent, whether it is the young person going off to college, to the Armed Forces, to another city for a job, or to marriage. There are similarities in every one of the experiences of the son or daughter leaving the home to go out into the world.

This is the time for which good parents have been preparing. For

18 to 25 years they have been training their children to become self-reliant, independent persons who can take their places with competence in an adult society. Yet there is always the tug of the heartstrings—the tightening sense of fear—the feeling of foreboding. "Have I done my work as a parent well?" "Have I adequately prepared them for this day?" It is too late now. All the parent can do is wait, hope and pray, and offer encouragement. John or Mary is on his own.

This matter of rearing one's children for independence is probably the most important thing a parent can do—and it must be started early. The high school years are pretty late to build the ideals, the standards, the character, and the skills in living that the adult needs in modern society. The littlest child can be taught the difference between right and wrong. He early learns what is his and what belongs to others, and to respect rights and property. With her first little frilly dress the girl is beginning to learn the charm and poise and grace of the young lady. In the Sunday

church school or the week-day nursery the four- to five-year-old is learning to share—to become considerate of others—to live by what he will later learn is "The Golden Rule."

In the early teens, without prudishness, the youth learns the rules of sexual purity and the companionship of the opposite sex without compromising one's ideals.

This process of developing a mature person who is stable, well adjusted, and personally competent, is not done hurriedly in the last few frantic years before they leave home. It is a gradual, continuous process that begins with the earliest years and continues as he goes out on his own. This is the goal and purpose of parenthood and must be practiced in season and out of season.

Probably the greatest asset that parents can give their children is the sense of security that comes from being truly loved. It has been wisely said that the child will be able to withstand anything if he knows he is truly loved. The sense of personal value—the feeling of belonging—the underlying

The author is minister of South Wayne Baptist Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

emotional assurance that no matter what he does he will still be loved—is vitally important in the life of the child.

This takes many different expressions during the developing years in the child's growth but the emotional foundation is always the same. This child is wanted, is respected as a person, is considered a vital part of a face-to-face group—the family—and is given the feeling of belonging.

Discipline is a necessary part of this feeling of being loved. Discipline is not venting one's anger on a hapless child or youth who has done something wrong. Discipline is teaching the growing person the difference between right and wrong—that doing right things brings its satisfactions and doing wrong brings disappointments and regrets.

The growing youth learns, through adequate, consistent discipline, that this is an orderly universe and there are some things that can be depended upon. The proper discipline by the wise parent becomes the self-discipline of the maturing youth and he is ready to "try his wings."

Experiences of being away from home are important in developing independence in the child. The visits to grandparents while a preschool child gives the little one a widening circle of security. Opportunities to get out of the home into nursery school are also very valuable to the preschool child.

The older child—between the ages of 10 to 12—is ready for overnight camping. It is a milestone experience in the growth of independence when the child goes away to camp for a week without parents or grandparents being around. The wise direction of the camp by its leaders, and the emotional acceptance of his being in the hands of other people on the part of the parents will give him the emotional stability and foundation upon which to build his future security when he leaves his home as a young adult.

However, scars created by inadequate leadership in the camp, or unwillingness on the part of parents to give the child a chance

to practice independence, will do untold damage in later years.

Learning to handle money, having his or her share in the use of the family car when the youth is old enough to drive, being a partner in the making of family decisions, all help in preparing for the day which parents both plan for and dread—the day he or she leaves home.

It is axiomatic that the parents are never emotionally ready for this day. Although they have planned and prepared for this day for many years, it comes as quite an emotional shock. After the excitement, of the wedding or the hurry and hustle of getting son off to college or the Armed Forces or the job, is over, they go up to the empty bedroom. It is still

disheveled—it has the appearance that their child has only gone out for the night. However, that appearance is deceiving. The child is gone—he is now an adult—he will never come back as a child, but as another adult. It is a new relationship. Mother may clean the room and put everything in order and leave it ready for the return, but it is no use—he will not come back the same as he left. Henceforth he is a visitor in the parental home.

Probably one of the most difficult tasks of parenthood is to accept this fact of life, adjust properly to it, and rebuild a life around new centers of attention. For twenty or even thirty years the center of the home has been the children. Mother's major at-

—W. Henry Boller



Rearing one's children for independence is probably the most important thing a parent can do—and it must be started early.

ention and interest has been in their development and welfare. During the same period father's major concern has been his vocation—to establish himself in his lifework, to build a basis of economic security, to prepare for the heavy expenses of college.

Now all this is gone. Mother has time on her hands; father does not need as large an income as before; the goals which were so urgent for so many years have been met. Unless father and mother find new goals for life they will find this experience a time of disillusionment and of drifting apart.

They can find these new goals in their love for each other.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the
first was made."¹

Again, this is not something that can be started after the children leave, or even the last few years before they leave. While husband and wife started out deeply in love, the romantic thrill of the early years naturally declined. It should not be permitted to become lost completely. It should deepen into a more mature love that actually blends the two lives into one. This is not an automatic process. It must be nourished and cared for and cultivated. The relationship of lovers needs to be maintained throughout the years. The children, while they demand much of the parents' time and attention, must never exhaust their affections so there is none left for each other.

Tragic is the lot of the parents who turn back to each other after the children are gone only to discover they are strangers. It is highly important that they find spiritual, emotional, and physical satisfactions in each other.

This is the time when parents are free again and can do so many of the things they could not do during the child-rearing years. Now they have more time, and more money, than before. This is the time to develop those hobbies that have been neglected across

the years, to travel together, to go on vacation trips together, and to begin planning for retirement.

This period when the dining room table is set for only two again, should be thought of not as the end of an era in their lives, but as the beginning of a new adventure. Now is the time to begin again. It might be that one or both of the parents would like to return to school, to take extra courses without credit.

On a less formal scale, this is an opportune time to take short courses at the YMCA or YWCA or Red Cross or some other community agency. There are a large number of these short courses offered—usually about six weeks in length—and they can prove to be very valuable and rewarding.

This is also a time when the increased leisure and the slackening of the financial burden can be channeled into volunteer service. Activities in the church, such as teaching in the church school, serving on boards and committees, visiting the sick, shut-ins, and new people in the community, can provide an outlet for one's energies and give the person that sense of satisfaction that comes through unselfish service to others.

This is also the time when one can give his time and talent in the service of the agencies that work for the betterment of our communities and so have the sense of sharing in a worthwhile cause.

People dislike abrupt changes. It is too late to wait until the children are gone to plan for the reorientation of life that the experience of being alone again makes necessary. Sad indeed is the one who has centered all of his or her thoughts and attention on the children so that he comes unprepared for the day when they leave, and the home and the heart are empty and bereft of meaning and purpose. Happy indeed is the couple that has anticipated this day and prepared for it, who can now turn to each other and find new joy and new satisfactions as they look forward with hope to the remaining years of their lives.

A Thanksgiving Message

by Alfred I. Tooke

Illustration from the author



Start at the letter "I" at the top and then, since Thanksgiving comes in the eleventh month, take every eleventh letter until you have used them all, and you should have a timely Thanksgiving message from King David.

Answer:
"It is a good thing to
give thanks unto the
Lord" (Ps. 92:1).

¹Robert Browning in "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

(See meeting plans on pages 24, 25)

Thanksgiving Almost Came Late

by Rae Cross

IT WAS THE LAST DAY in school before Thanksgiving vacation. Jimmy was so full of Thanksgiving ideas and plans he simply couldn't sit still. Never had a day passed so slowly.

"Jimmy, who celebrated the first Thanksgiving Day with the Pilgrims?" asked Miss Knight.

"Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Nell and——." Jimmy was so excited he thought of all the relatives who were going to eat dinner at his house on Thanksgiving Day.

"Jimmy!" snapped Miss Knight, "I'm afraid your mind is a long ways from the Pilgrims. I asked you who celebrated with them."

Jimmy's face flushed as the boys and girls giggled softly. "I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "I guess I was thinking about our own dinner."

"Maybe if you stay in fifteen minutes after school it will help you to pay attention next time," and Miss Knight wrote Jimmy's name on the blackboard.

"But, Miss Knight, we're——," Jimmy tried desperately to tell Miss Knight he was to go with Mother and Daddy right after school to pick up the turkey they had ordered last week. "It wouldn't do any good," sighed Jimmy as Miss Knight went right

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy. "I guess I was thinking about our own dinner."

—Illustrated by Norm Hancock

on asking questions.

Jimmy closed his eyes. He could just see that big turkey—all brown and juicy—with onion stuffing oozing out. And mashed potatoes, and giblet gravy, and cranberries, and——.

"Jimmy, which President issued the first presidential Thanksgiving proclamation?" asked Miss Knight.

"We always get our turkey from Mr. Stevens. He raises the biggest ones——," Jimmy's eyes sparkled as he thought of those enormous drumsticks.

"Jimmy!" Miss Knight's voice was sharp. "Will you please remember that you are still in school. It is NOT Thanksgiving!" She walked quickly to the board

and made another cross after Jimmy's name. That meant another fifteen minutes!

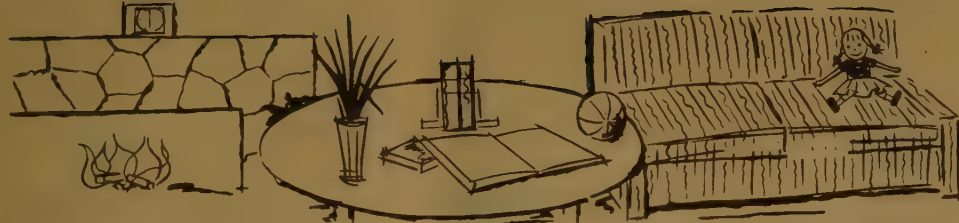
"I just can't stay half an hour after school tonight," Jimmy almost cried as he tried to listen to Miss Knight.

"George Washington was the first President to issue a presidential proclamation," snapped Miss Knight. "I hope you will remember that, Jimmy."

"I'll try," murmured Jimmy. He could hear Miss Knight as she went on talking, but somehow he just couldn't keep his mind on what she was saying. Half an hour after school—why, that would be four-thirty. Mother and Daddy would be waiting out in

(Continued on page 28)





for parents

FAMILY WORSHIP

Thanksgiving is not a day nor a season. It is a spirit in man that expresses itself in grateful praise to God for all his wise and wonderful plans.

While God's good plan for his creation includes everyone, not all persons are grateful. Sometimes this is because they do not recognize that all that contributes to their well-being is from God; or they have always taken for granted their daily blessings and have not been made aware of the Giver. This means, in reality, they have nothing to express. But Christians will know the Source of their benefits. They will live the spirit of thanksgiving which is, in itself, a daily expression of gratitude and praise. They also will, at times, give audible expression to the thankfulness that wells up in their hearts.

Children Learn to Feel

Every child has the potential for gratitude. That is to say he can learn how to express his gratitude to God for all his goodness and loving-kindness to men. The adults in the child's world have the privilege of pointing out to him the evidences of such goodness.

Example, in this case as in so many others, is the most subtle and powerful teacher. When parents' lives are a continuous expression of gratitude and praise, children begin to assume, very early in life, similar attitudes. When this is not the case, no amount of talking on the part of parents will cause children to develop the grace of gratitude.

Daily life in the home provides many opportunities, both for parents and children, to learn to express their thanks. The preparation of every meal, someone has said, should be a sacrament. It can be the time for an outpouring of love and thanks as together the family remembers God's plans for homes, for families, for food, shelter, and all the many other needs of man.

A Special Place for Offering Thanks

Some families are helped to think of God's love and goodness by having a special place of beauty to remind them of him. Where space and physical arrangements make it possible, this may be where an individual can have privacy to think and to pray. However, this is not an absolute necessity. Any spot can become the kind that will lift the feelings and

thought of everyone who approaches it.

Such a center can be simple or elaborate, depending upon your taste and the materials available. An open Bible and some object of nature that speaks of God's love and care are all that are needed. On the other hand, a lovely cloth, a picture, or an attractive arrangement of fruit and/or vegetables, could be added if desired. Once children understand the purpose and function of a beauty or worship center, they may show surprising ability to arrange and care for it. (See the article, "Make Family Worship a Way of Life," p. 4.)

Use the Bible

From the beginning of history man has sought for ways to express to God his gratitude for all his blessings. There are many poems, songs, and prayers in the Bible that express for us, better than we can, our feelings of thanks and praise. You may want to read some of these and/or use them with your family in worship: Genesis 2:9; Job 38:4—39:8; Psalms 8; 24; 46:1-3; 57:7-11; 65:9-11; 75:1a; 95:1-7; 96; 100; 104; 105:1-5;

111; 113; 117; 134; 135:1-4; 136; 148; 150; Philippians 4:4-7. This is not an exhaustive list; it is a very meager one. If there are other passages you prefer to use, by all means do so!

Plan to Use Worship Materials

Printed materials that express praise and thanksgiving to God for his good gifts may be found in many places. Devotional books and magazines and your children's church school materials are three sources. When you are alert and watching for them, they may be found in the most unexpected places. Form the habit of clipping and filing them and soon you will have a treasure-trove from which to draw riches for your family.

The four pages that follow contain materials that you may use with your family either in planned periods of worship, or when hearts turn spontaneously to God in thanksgiving. Materials that are not suitable to use with all age groups are identified as follows: (K) for use with preschool children; (P) for use with those in grades one through three; (J) for those in grades four through six.

A Bible Poem

*Thou visitest the earth and
waterest it,
thou greatly enrichest it;
the river of God is full of
water;
thou providest their
grain,
for so thou hast pre-
pared it.*

*Thou waterest its furrows
abundantly,
settling its ridges,
softening it with showers,
and blessing its growth.
Thou crownest the year
with thy bounty.*

—Psalm 65:9-11.

Theme: The Bounty of God

To Think About (P,J)

Read the Bible poem on this page. Try to see the pictures in it. It is because of the earth, the rain by which it is watered, and the blessing of God that growth comes and God's bounty is experienced by man and all God's creatures.

Make a poem or responsive prayer that expresses what you feel about God's bounty. It may be like the one given here:

For the earth which you have made,

We praise thy name, O God.

For its rich soil that covers seeds and nourishes them,

We praise thy name, O God.

For thy loving concern that blesses their growth,

We praise thy name, O God.

For the rain that waters and softens the soil,

We praise thy name, O God.

For the refreshing springs that gush forth in the land,

We praise thy name, O God.

For the rivers and lakes that hold the waters on the land,

We praise thy name, O God.

For every good gift from thee,

We praise thy name, O God.

—Harold Lambert

Thanks for Autumn

For autumn's golden weather,
For shining shocks of grain,
For yellow pumpkins gleaming
Through days of autumn rain.

For purple grapes low hanging,
And hazy purple hills,
The singing brook's low tinkle,
The songbirds' good-by trills.

For golden leaves that make
A carpet on the ground;
For all of these we thank You,
For lovely sight and sound.

—Dorothy Walter

Bounty (K)

Davey loved breakfast with all the family together in the warm fragrant kitchen. Afterwards Daddy pushed back his chair and read from the Bible.

Davey liked to listen to the sound of Daddy's voice; but today he listened to the words: "Thou crownest the year with thy bounty."

"What's bounty?" Davey asked.

Daddy smiled. "Suppose you come to the field with me. I think I can show you."

When Daddy and Davey got to the field, Daddy asked, "What do you see?"

Davey looked around. "The corn stalks, apples, and pumpkins," he answered.

"We have had a good harvest," Daddy said. "That's part of the meaning of 'bounty.' What else do you see?"

Davey looked at the blue sky, the bare trees, and the fields that would grow again in the spring.

"I see the earth getting ready for winter," he said.

Daddy nodded. "Good! That is part of God's bounty: a good earth that produces, rests, then produces again. Do you understand?"

Davey smiled. In his mind he was saying the words, "Thou crownest the year with thy bounty." They had the sound of music!



Thank You, Lord (P,J)

We thank You, Lord, for food to eat,
for good fresh bread and milk so sweet.

We thank You for the gentle rain
that watered all the thirsty grain.

For sun that warmed the earth
below
and helped the planted seed to grow.

And for our own sweet Mother dear,
Who cooked the food before us here.

—Dorothy Walter

Thanksgiving Basket (P,J)

The church school class was talking about bringing gifts for the Thanksgiving basket.

"I don't get it," Ken said.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Thomas asked.

"Well, if God planned that here should be food for all, why are some people hungry?"

"Let's talk about that," Mrs. Thomas said. "Why are some persons hungry?"

"They won't work when they have a chance," said one.

"Some people hoard food so the price will go up," said someone else.

"With the knowledge of improving growing and harvesting conditions, men have not learned how to distribute what they raise," said another.

"Why don't we give away our farm surpluses?" a boy asked.

"We can't do that," came the answer. "If we did, the farmers couldn't sell what they had raised, so they might be hungry."

"These are good answers," said Mrs. Thomas. "I think we are saying that God's plan is good, but that men need to see that God's gifts are shared with all." And everyone agreed!

Theme: Food for All

A Table Grace (K)

Thanks, God, for this delicious food,
That helps our bodies grow;
Because we're grateful for Your love
We like to tell You so.

—Ollie James Robertson

A Bible Verse

And out of the ground the LORD God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

—Genesis 2:9.

Prayer: Dear God, we are glad that your plan for the earth and for your creatures includes food. We are glad that each creature has the kind of food it needs. Thank you for food that helps us to grow, to stay well and strong, and makes us able to do our part in our families. Amen.

Thanks for Food (K)

Jane was playing with Jack, and she was to stay for lunch.

When they sat down at the table, Jack reached out one hand to Mother and one to Jane.

"We hold hands and sing our thanks for food," Jack's mother explained.

Jane held one of Jack's hands and one of his mother's. Then they sang,

"We thank Thee, Father, for the food

We have to eat each day;
We thank Thee for the strength it gives

For working and for play.
Amen."

When Jane went home her mother asked, "Did you have a good time?"

Jane nodded. "They don't say a prayer before they eat," she said. "They hold hands and sing. Can't we do that?"

"We can," Mother said. "I'll ask Jack's mother to teach us the song." And she did!

A Prayer for Mealtime

Mabel N. McCaw

Maxine G. McCaw

We thank Thee, Father, for the food we have

to eat each day: We thank Thee for the strength

it gives for work - ing and for play. A - men.



—Gedge Harmon

Thanksgiving (K)

I enjoy so many things,
It's not enough to say
A single prayer of thanks for them
Just on a special day.

Because so many joys are mine
I know what I will do,
I'll show how thankful I can be
For them the whole year through.

—Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw

Thank You, God (P.J)

Thank you, God, for happy things,
Leaves to scuff while a gay wind sings,
Golden pumpkins frosty, round,
Apples red upon the ground.

Thank you, God, for starry snow,
A hill to coast in the full moon's glow,
A pond to skate on—oh, what fun!
And the lights of home when the day is done.

Thank you, God, for Mom and Dad,
And a quiet room all bright and glad,
A book to read and a prayer to say—
On this lovely best Thanksgiving Day!

—Theobal Wing Allecson¹

¹From *Juniors*, copyright, 1949, by The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

Theme: Thanks Be to God

A Bible Verse

We give thanks to thee, O God; we give thanks.

—Psalm 75:1

Prayer: Dear God, we are glad at this Thanksgiving time: glad for our family and friends, for food, and for all your good plans for us. Help us to remember to say "Thank you" for them. Amen.

A Game of Thanks

It was Thanksgiving morning. Breakfast was over in the Martin family. Daddy reached for the Bible for their morning devotions.

"O give thanks unto the LORD," he read. Mrs. Martin, Douglas, Lorrie, and five-year-old Linda listened as he read the psalm.

"Let's play a game of thanks as a part of our devotions today," Daddy suggested when he finished reading. "Let's see if we can name things for which we are glad that begin with the letters *T H A N K S*."

"Oh, yes, let's," Lorrie cried.

"All right," said Daddy. "Who can think of something which begins with *T*?"

"Toys," said Douglas. "I am thankful for them."

"Fine," said Daddy. "Now *H*."

Everyone was thinking. Even Linda tried to get into the game.

It was Mother who thought of that one. "I am thankful for the *help* that everyone gives in getting our work done," she said.

"Good," said Daddy. "Who is next with *A*?"

"Apples," came from Lorrie. "The ones we picked from our trees this fall."

Daddy took his turn next. "Neighbors for *N*," he said. "We could not get along without their friendliness and help."

"Now *K*," he continued. "Who has something for *K*?"

Linda's eyes opened wide. She drew her mother's head down and whispered something in her ear.

"Yes," said her mother, "that is right."

"Kindergarten," shouted Linda. "I'm glad for my kindergarten."

"Good for Linda," said Daddy. Before he could ask for *S*, Douglas came up with something.

"*S* is for skates," he said triumphantly. "The ones I got for my birthday."

"Well, well," said Daddy. "What interesting things we have to be thankful for. And there are many more we have not mentioned. Let us thank God now for all of his gifts to us."

Every head was bowed and every eye closed as Daddy thanked God for toys, help, apples, neighbors, kindergarten, and skates, and the many other things which he and his family enjoyed together.

—Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw

Theme: Thanks Living

A Bible Poem

*"With what shall I come before the LORD,
and bow myself before God on high?"
He has showed you, O man, what is good;
and what does the LORD require of you
but to do justice, and to love kindness,
and to walk humbly with your God?"*

—Micah 6:6a, 8.

Prayer: Dear God, I say "thank you" so often, for many people are kind to me. Sometimes I say it without thinking of ways to show that I am glad. Help me to remember, when I say "thank you" to you, to live in ways that show my thanks. Amen.

I'll Live My Thanks

Sunday . . . I'll scatter crumbs along the street,
For all the singing birds to eat.
Tuesday . . . The flowers are big and bright today,
I'll gather someone a bouquet.
Wednesday . . . My toys and books I'll share this day,
With other children who like to play.
Thursday . . . Today I'll write a "thank you" note
To Aunt Ann for my birthday boat.
Friday . . . While Mother cleans the house today
I'll take the baby out to play.
Saturday . . . This evening I'll go to the store
For Mrs. Smith who lives next door.
Sunday . . . While our great church bell rings out
I'll pass the program sheets about.

—Ollie James Robertson

You may want to look around for ways in which you may live your thanks.)

Talking About a Picture (K)

With your preschool child, look at the picture on this page. If he happens to be under five, make up a story about the picture. This may be about the things in the picture that he likes or enjoys; or it may be about God's goodness to us in planning for the things we need and/or enjoy.

If your child is over five, let him look at the picture alone, then tell you what he sees. Perhaps he can tell you a story about it; or he may tell where he thinks the objects are located, who arranged them as they are, and for what purpose.

Talking about this picture provides opportunity for you to know what your child thinks and to correct any wrong ideas. It also provides opportunity to talk about God's good plans for his children and to express thanks for them.

Perhaps your child is ready to pray his own prayer, even though it be only "Thank you, God." This is a small beginning that is of utmost significance, for from it he may go on to higher and higher levels of prayer and devotion.

Ways to Show Thanks (P,J)

The family had been talking about ways to show that they were thankful for all of God's good gifts.

"That's what Thanksgiving Day is for, isn't it?" eleven-year-old Greg asked.

Father nodded. "It is," he said, "but all of us are thankful more than just one day a year."

"Well," nine-year-old Esther added, "we do thank God for our meals, and lots of people don't!"

"It isn't what other people do," Mother said gently, "it is what we do that counts."

"Let's think for a few minutes," Father suggested. "Perhaps we can think of new ways to show thanks."

After a while Father said, "I'll begin. Because of my gratitude for God's loving patience with me, I'll try to be more patient with others."

"And I," Mother added, "will respond to every request for help if I possibly can."

"I'm glad to have a strong body," Greg said. "Probably old Mr. Jones felt the same way, once. Now that he has to spend all of his time in a wheel chair, he must feel bad. I could show my gratitude for health and strength by running errands for Mr. Jones. Maybe I could take him outside in his chair sometimes, too."

"Fine!" Father said, and waited.

"I could be more willing to help when I'm asked," Esther said slowly. "Days like today, when I feel good inside, I'm glad to help. I'll try to remember, all the time, how glad I am for everything!"

"Very good!" Father said, and Mother smiled.

"At church we have a worship center," six-year-old Jimmy said. "If we had one at home, it would let everyone who came to our house know that we are glad."

"These are fine ideas," Father said, "ways we can live our thanks each day." And they did!

—Fujihira from Monkmeier



—Max Tharpe Photo



One Teen's Philosophy

by Herb Waddell

RECENTLY, A CLOSE FRIEND SPOKE to me about his sixteen-year-old son. "My son is an honor roll student, but the boy has some odd ideas. Perhaps you might help him with some of them." I'll substitute Roger for the boy's real name.

I raise registered German shepherds. I usually have twenty to fifty dogs and pups on my five-acre country place. Roger likes to come over to see the dogs. He took to coming around a couple of times a week.

Roger and I had many discussions about various topics. In Roger I found a teen-ager with an adult mind. I learned something from him at that point. There are plenty of young people who have a keen intellect.

Roger had a "beef" about our educational system. He explained his "beef."

"I get up at 6:00 A.M., catch a school bus at 7:10, ride a forty-mile round trip daily to a million-dollar consolidated school. I get home about a quarter to five in the afternoon. I actually put in more hours at school, including going back and forth, than my father puts on his job. And don't forget to add all the hours of homework. I am working longer and harder than most adults."

"But, Roger," I pointed out, "how can you change this, unless you move?"

"I can put up with this schedule," Roger replied, "but what makes me peeved is to continually realize where professional educators are now demanding a six-day all-year school program." Before I could interrupt, Roger, all wound up, continued:

"We are compelled to go to school in this state for twelve years. It does not matter how intelligent you are, you are not permitted to skip a grade. Know why?" he demanded. Before I could answer, he said, "Call it politics, call it greed. The schools get so much each year for each student, so they want us to stay in school while they collect. What good does it do me or anyone else to be a straight A student? I will still have to serve my time. Where does personal incentive come in?"

I had to agree that this was the way our school system worked. But, frankly, I had not given the system as much thought as this teen-age student.

"Besides," Roger pointed out, "this long school day is really something when you are only six to ten years old. All you do then is get up, go to school, go home, eat, and go to bed right after supper so you can get up next morning."

I agreed openly with him such a system was indeed hard on the six- to ten-year-old group.

"Do these educators think so?" Roger demanded. "And yet they want all-year school. Why?" He snorted. "Because we must keep up with Russia," they say. We must change our educational system. Yet all our Presidents, our business leaders, scientists and doctors came out of school systems that were no considered as good as the one we have today."

I think Roger was underestimated by his own father. "A prophet is not without honor, except. . ."

The author is a free-lance writer.

had heard many students grumble about the school consolidations and long bus rides. But I had not heard their parents do any more than shrug their shoulders over the sweeping, often dictatorial, methods used by the school system.

Roger added this gem to the fire. "They [meaning the state school system] pressured our school directors to merge our school into a larger and more distant consolidation. They told our school directors that the state money wouldn't be available unless they agreed to join the proposed new consolidation," Roger sniffed. "What is state money?" he asked. "There is no such thing. The state only has money collected by taxation from the people. The money actually belongs to the people. We are the people. Yet the state takes our money, then uses it to force us to accept its arbitrary will."

Roger left me before I could think up some kind of an answer. Please do not get me wrong. I hold a college degree myself. Roger just had at present a good degree of common sense.

Later, Roger asked me if I favored the compulsory military service draft. I told him I did not like to see it in peace times.

Then he continued. "We go to school for the twelve-year period. Then the service claims us for two years, at least. So, at twenty, if there is no war, we are free to go out on our own. We can join the army at eighteen," Roger grinned. "In war we can fight and die at eighteen, but we cannot vote until we are twenty-one.¹ We are old enough for a bullet but not for a ballot."

I gazed at Roger with open admiration. This fellow was a member of the generation many people are worried about. Roger not only possessed spirit, but an inquisitive mind. He was in rebellion against regimentation, and knew why he was in rebellion. I knew that this country was built by dissenters. We owe much to people who not only sought justice, but actually worked for it.

I switched the subject. "How do you feel about religion?" I asked.

Roger immediately grew serious. His face lit up. His words came eagerly. "I like to go to church. I have always felt close to God. Faith gives meaning to living, I think. I imagine if a person does not have real faith or loses it, he has lost everything. Take Sunday, for instance. It is always a wonderful day for many people. It starts or ends with church. It is a different kind of a day." He looked at me with concern. "I am not saying it so well, I guess. I know the feeling, the reverence I feel. It makes mere words seem so empty."

"The right words, Roger, are never empty. How about evening services during the week?"

"I regret that I cannot go in the evening more," he admitted readily, "but I am sort of a prisoner of time until the week end."

"Do you give everyday religion much thought?" I asked.

"I work at it." Roger grinned. "I have read and thought about it a lot. Take for example all this talk about the atomic bomb. I believe man can destroy only his own world, not God's. Man can tear down to ruins only what man builds. He will never destroy God's world."

In deep respect, I had to add my own amen to such a statesmen-like remark. Again, I switched the subject. "How about this teen-age delinquency?" Roger had his own version.

"Sure there are characters," he admitted. "Some teen-agers are thoughtless, a few are vicious, but I believe they run only about five per cent of all teen-agers in America. Newspapers and radio broadcasts sound like this: 'Teen-ager shoots parents.' 'Teen-ager robs store.'" Roger shook his head in dismay. "Do you ever see such headlines as: 'Thirty-one-year-old man robs bank.' 'Forty-six-year-old man runs down pedestrian'? Why pick on you^h and classify or type us? Most American newspapers have long since quit mentioning the race or creed of persons named in such reports. Why can they not quit singling out teen-agers as a special group?"

I had to admit his argument was valid. The greater percentage of our teen-agers do lead normal, well-behaved lives. But goodness does not bring headlines or press notices, it seems. Our papers are filled with crime and scandal. Goodness usually goes uncovered in printers' ink.

"Don't get me wrong," Roger said after his "outburst." "I'm not a 'gloomy Gus.' I just speak out my mind."

"You have a good one," I complimented. "How about this teen-age 'slanguage'?" I asked. This question brought a wide grin on Roger's face.

"I don't use much of it," he admitted. "But some older people make it sound like a sin. Ball players have a language all their own—a Texas leaguer, a Chinese home run, a sack of corn. The advertising business has its own language. Construction workers and steel men have a set of expressions all their own. No one gets excited about these people using such 'slanguage.' We teen-agers just want some 'expressions' of our own. None of the terms last very long. No one should take it seriously. We don't. Years ago, I heard about people saying, 'Oh, you kid,' and '23 Skidoo.' The world didn't end." He was laughing hard by this time.

I laughed too—with relief. I thought Roger might take himself too seriously. But he knew how to laugh, and laughter is a relaxing effort.

By this time I had come to have a healthy respect for Roger. Later on I found out Roger was not all complaints. He would work out his future as he came to it. He made a couple of remarks that showed both his humor and down-to-earth policy. I asked him about politics. His answer was right off the shoulder.

"Under the setup at Washington," he stated, "a politician cannot do as he pleases or believes."

"Go on," I urged.

¹Georgia and Kentucky grant voting privileges to the 18-year-olds, Alaska, to 19-year-olds; Hawaii, to 20-year-olds.

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Family Discipline:

a Two-edged Blade?

HAL HAD BEEN AWAY on the business trip for only two days when Jean Cotton noticed that although she was lonely and their two children voiced concern over the first separation from Dad in years, the atmosphere in the young family seemed calmer, a little more understanding, and happier than it had been for months.

When Jean, coincidentally, was later called away to an ailing mother and Hal took over family responsibilities, he had an equally surprising report of co-operation and helpfulness from the young members to give Jean when she returned. It was clearly more than the customary buckling down of children in small emergencies.

Hal and Jean took an evening to examine the situation more closely. Ten-year-old Tommy had taken his stamp collection to a friend's home for the evening. Six-year-old Susan was upstairs contentedly undressing dolls for the night.

"I wonder," Jean began, "whether the two of them just unconsciously realized that I needed extra help and so they tried to be easier to get along with. Yet, it was more than that, Hal. It was strange you noticed it too."

Hal shook his head. "Dear, it would have been strange if I hadn't noticed the difference. They seemed so full of resentments and self-pity in the last few

months that I was beginning to think they were going through those pre-adolescent periods when it's supposed to be natural for youngsters to be disagreeable."

"Susan isn't pre-adolescent; she's just a little girl. Anyway, I just can't agree with the books that say all youngsters react the same through certain age periods. After all, they all grow up in different types of homes, with different parents, and that should make some difference. Do you think *we* were at fault somewhere?"

Hal frowned. "Parents are always blamed these days. No, I think they enjoyed the greater feeling of comradeship with just one of us alone. We have so many things to talk about when you and I are together that it would be natural for them to feel a little more important and chummy when we are separated and we had to rely on them for conversation and companionship."

They sat silent for a few moments, remembering the warm climate of unexpected peace in the house in those few days, the comparative absence of childish bickering, the minimum of scoldings and dissension. In the normal course of living, when both parents were home, there seemed to be unpleasant scenes when one of the youngsters was reprimanded—and the need for reprimanding came more frequently.

"There must be some overlapping in the way we discipline the children," Jean suggested. "Perhaps the best way to find it

is to look a little more closely at what happens in the next few days now that we're both home."

With fresher reactions, they could observe their own handling of the two children more objectively. It was at dinner the very next day that a revealing incident occurred.

Tommy had waited until the last possible minute before coming in from play. His hands were grubby as he absently headed for the dining room.

Jean briskly headed him off. "Hands washed, Son, and don't leave it so late next time."

Tommy obediently turned down the hall but Hal waylaid him. "I heard your mother call you five minutes ago. Why didn't you come in then?"

"Five minutes?" Jean queried. "It was more like ten minutes ago. Speed it up now, Tom. Everything is on the table."

Hal said grace with day's-end weariness in his voice. He had dealt with half a dozen difficult customers and he was tired. Jean slipped her feet out of her shoes, equally weary. She helped the children to vegetables and began to eat her own dinner.

Tommy promptly spilled some gravy on the tablecloth but he caught her brief frown and carefully wiped the spot before his father noticed it. Chubby Susan, placidly forking in the pot roast and vegetables, had a persistent habit of swinging her short legs back and forth as she ate. Suddenly one hard shoe struck Hal's

fixed leg with sharp force. He grunted with annoyance and Susan's mouth dropped open in alarm. "I've asked you a dozen times to remember to rest your feet on the chair rung, Susan! That really hurt. Now finish your dinner and see that you don't do it again." Susan's head dipped over her plate, feet braced firmly against the chair, but Jean broke in with irritation. "It was me you kicked last time, little lady. Everyone of us has had a turn and that's been too much. When I cook a good dinner I don't fancy it being spoiled by bruised shins. Next time you can leave the table." Susan's lower lip had begun to quiver, but now she looked stonily at her food. Tommy was eating so fast. "Yes," Hal added, "you've both got bad table habits that make trouble every time we sit down." "It goes on every day——." Jean was ready to expand on the

subject when she shut her mouth in astonishment and said to Hal cryptically, "overlapping." He glanced up at the closed faces of the children, mentally played back the conversation of the last few minutes, and understood what she had just noticed. Children needed two parents, no one could quarrel with that. However, in addition to the security and breadth of understanding that came with two parents, there came the mental tug and pull of listening to two overlapping opinions, and coping with the normal weariness of two humans prone to giving vent to irritations. When they had been alone, either Hal or Jean had firmly and briefly commented on a misdeemeanor, then forgotten it and let the child absorb that single, sharp reminder. Instead of a repetitious scene resulting in juvenile self-pity from a child who firmly believed himself nagged, the family atmosphere had been more serene. Both young parents realized in

those few quiet moments that when they were together, the first brief, sensible reprimand or instruction from one of them was almost invariably taken up and expanded by the other. It was a common habit, too often heard in other homes, and unrecognized until an unusual incident brought it to notice. Hal realized that he and Jean had been fortunate in the coincidental separations that showed how the youngsters could react to single, clear direction. He spoke again finally. "You know, I think it might be a good idea if Mother and I took turns pointing out where there may be bad habits—just one at a time. How do you feel about it, Mother?" Jean began to smile. "I think we're beginning to sound like parrots." Tommy began to grin in appreciation. Susan giggled. Two pairs of adult eyes met in understanding and warmth. It might not be easy to remember, but it was a good beginning.

KNOW YOUR HYMNS!

by Louise D. Phillips

Who was the writer of these favorite hymns?
Find his name in these hymns.

Place the correct letter in the blank space. Read downward.

Call —ehovah Thy Salvation	M
H—il to the	L—rd's Anointed
God Is —y Strong	Salvatio—
	Songs of Praise —he Angels Sang
Spirit of th— Living	—od
Prayer I— the	S—uls Sincere Desire
	Angels From the Real—s of Glory
	In th— Hour of Trial
	Be Known to Us in B—eaking Bread
	According to Th— Gracious Word

Let me introduce him to you. He was a Scottish poet and newspaperman, the son of a Moravian minister. He edited the *Sheffield Iris* for more than thirty years. He lived from 1771 to 1854. He is best remembered today for the hymns he wrote that are still in current use after more than 100 years.

The writer's name is _____ (Answer) James Montgomery

I. Rearing for Independence

by Frank Lansing

Purpose

Every parent dreams of the day when his children will become independent of the home and take their places in an adult world as responsible citizens. This is the purpose of parenthood—to create responsible mature members of the next generation. Because of the emotional factor of losing one's children, and because it seems so far away when they are young, this aspect of rearing children is often neglected. It is the purpose of the meeting to take a careful look at this matter and discuss ways in which we can improve our activity as parents in this regard.

Preparation for the Meeting

It would be interesting to go through the Bible and discover some examples of parents who seriously and prayerfully helped their children prepare for independence. Some come to mind—the parents of Samuel—1 Sam. 1:1-28; Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Joseph—Luke 2:41-52.

Or it might be profitable to ask three people whom you recognize as responsible, mature, well-adjusted adults to tell you how their parents helped them develop the character which they have.

While it is probably true that the average person has not thought much about this subject, a little judicious questioning may bring out some valuable ideas.

Ask such questions as: What part did you have in handling your own money? How old were you when you first stayed overnight away from home without your parents? What opportunities were given to you to make decisions for yourself? What part did you have as a young person in helping the family decide such matters as where to go on vacation?

These and other questions ought to start the thinking of your friends. Do not present this material from the individuals to your group. Make a composite of the three or more, and present it in general form.

Conducting the Meeting

After devotions, which could very well center about the scripture passage dealing with one of the families in the Bible, present the ideas that you have found in the article, using illustrations from your

survey of your three friends. There are six ideas presented in the article, "How Long Is Parent Tenure?"

1. Parents must start early to prepare their children for independence—at least during the preschool years.

2. Probably the most basic factor of character the parents can give their children is the emotional security that comes from being loved.

3. Discipline is important in training our children for adult life. It must be for the purpose of training the child in good qualities however, instead of punitive measures to satisfy adult standards.

4. The child should be given an opportunity for experiences away from home in accordance with the ability of his age.

5. The child must be given practice in the handling of money.

6. As he matures, the child should have a growing share in the making of decisions in the home.

After presenting the general material you have collected and organized about these six points, divide your group into triads (three people in each group). You may do this by numbering off 1-2-3, and repeat as often as necessary. However, no husband and wife should be in the same group. Ask them to take ten to fifteen minutes to discuss the subject among themselves. You might write the six ideas on the blackboard, or mimeograph them and give each person a copy. These are not in any way exhaustive, but are merely some suggestions. Ask each group to consider the question from the standpoint of three questions: "WHAT?" "HOW?" "WHEN?"

WHAT shall parents do to train their children for independence?

HOW can they do it?

WHEN should they start on each of the ideas presented. How do the methods change as the child progresses?

After ten to fifteen minutes in the triads (which they will find to be all too short) ask the group to reassemble and each triad make a report on their discussion. Put these findings on a blackboard, or use newsprint and a marking pen.

After all of the groups have reported, make an attempt to evaluate all of the material and crystalize

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II. Free Again—for What?

Purpose

This is a companion meeting to the one, "Rearing for Independence," and it is assumed that the group at least part of the group have conducted that meeting recently. The purpose of this meeting is to consider seriously what changes will take place in the home after the children are gone, how parents can control these new opportunities and when they should start preparing themselves for the new day when they are back again to a family of two.

Preparation for the Meeting

This meeting lends itself very effectively to role playing. Select four of your group who have imagination and are not self-conscious, to play the roles. Write out their roles in brief and ask them to meet with you five minutes before the meeting. Their characterizations might be something like this: The family is meeting in the home for a farewell meal for Bill who is 22 years of age. Bill recently graduated from college and is leaving in the morning for a job 1000 miles from home. His sister, Jean, 25 years of age, has come back home for the occasion. Jean is married and lives in a neighboring state about 150 miles from home.

Father is inclined to be rather quiet. He is 46 years of age, a toolmaker in a factory and a deacon in the church. He has had an adequate although not abundant income. He has had a rather hard time lately paying the expenses of his son's education. He is quietly very proud of his son, and happy that they are not in debt as he was afraid they might be at this time. He is looking forward to the new opportunities that being alone will give them.

Mother is the emotional type. She talks almost constantly and very rapidly. She reacts to new situations from an emotional rather than a reasoned response. While a sincere Christian, she is inclined to look at every situation from the standpoint of what it will do to her.

She dreads tomorrow when she must say "good-by" to Bill and is worried about how he will get along without her. She is flustered with the excitement of having a perfect last night together.

Bill has attended the high school and college in his home town. He is an average student and a member of the basketball squad although not in the starting five. Two years ago he wanted to move

over to the campus and live in the dormitory, but the storm it caused at home was so great that he didn't go. He has been patient, but secretly he has been very anxious to get away from home. He wishes tonight were over and he could get away without all the fuss he knows is coming.

Jean is married and the mother of two children, aged two and one-half years and three months. They are asleep in the bedroom now. She graduated from high school and attended college for two years before getting married. Her husband graduated from school at that time and got a job in another state, about 150 miles from home. She gets home about four times a year, but they also visit his family. She is very happy, very intelligent, and of the four most understands the meaning of this night. She knows how anxious Bill is to get away and hopes he won't say something that will hurt his parents. She believes her dad will make the adjustment satisfactorily, but she is worried about what her mother will do after Bill is gone and Mother and Dad are left alone. She is determined to discuss this subject and try to prepare her mother for the new adjustment.

Conducting the Meeting

After devotions, announce the topic and explain what you are going to do. Make it clear to the group that this is not a "finished" play—that no lines have been written—that each one will try to express in words how the character he represents would act under the circumstances. Urge them to forget the acting and to put their attention on the ideas presented.

Then have your four helpers present the role playing. Let the setting be around a dining room table; they have just finished dessert after one of Mother's best meals.

Bill speaks first.

Let the conversation continue until you think the point has been made, and then cut it off sharply. Don't let the role playing go until it drags. Ask the group to discuss the ideas presented (not the acting or how well they played their roles).

Refer to the latter half of the article, "How Long Is Parent Tenure?" for ideas of what parents can do to make the adjustment to the new freedom after the

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1. Appreciating Our Native Land

I. Leader's Preparation

The success of this program will depend largely upon the leader. The leader, then, must decide upon:

A. THE PURPOSE OF THE MEETING. To enable family groups to gain a deeper appreciation of our native land with especial emphasis upon our developing greatness through the years: What kinds of progress have we been making through the years? What problems have arisen along with the progress? What makes for national greatness? How can we best share these facts with members in family groups. These and similar questions demand partial or final answers.

B. WAYS TO PREPARE FOR THE MEETING. Become familiar with the stories relating to the first Thanksgiving celebration by the Pilgrim fathers. Read with care the second stanza of the national hymn, "America" by Samuel F. Smith and note how the hymn came to be written. Review the book, *What Makes America Great*, by W. Earl Waldrop, noting its primary emphasis. Read the article, "Tomorrow's Needs Today" by Donald Newby in *The Bethany Guide*, May, 1960.

Prior to the meeting, the group should be asked to consider the changing ways in which Thanksgiving has been observed through the years. If possible, a small group should be asked to prepare a "Litany of Thanksgiving" for use by family groups.

II. Conducting the Meeting

A. Let the meeting begin with a devotional by a parent. Use such Scriptural passages as Psalms 24, 66, 92 and Philippians 4:1-8.

B. The leader may tell briefly the story of the first Thanksgiving observance and give from memory the second stanza of the hymn, "America." Have the words of the hymn on a poster board in front of the group.

C. Devote about ten minutes to a "brainstorming" session. List on a chalkboard ideas from the group on the topic, "What I Like Best About Our Native Land" or, "What Are Our Nation's Greatest Resources?"

D. Consider some of these questions in a group discussion:

1. What things do we most often take for granted in this country?

2. For what should we be truly grateful during a Thanksgiving season?

3. The recently conducted census for 1960 has given us new facts about population growth. What are some of these significant facts?

4. What are the implications of these facts relative to rural and urban life?

5. Considering today's nuclear space age and the implications, how can our nation be kept aware of its founding truths? How can the church keep alive the faith of our fathers in these principles?

6. What should be the ultimate desires of a nation's peoples? Should they seek to be happy, to be healthy, to get ahead, to get along with people, and so on?

7. Recognizing that freedom is a part of our God-given heritage, how can we preserve freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of worship?

8. Consider what a community would be like if the world popula-

tion of two and one-half billion people were compressed into a community of 1000 people. (Note Henry Smith Leiper's analysis of this.)

9. It is often said that America possesses 6 per cent of the world's land surface, 7 per cent of the world's population and produces 50 per cent of the world's goods. Do we have a social responsibility relative to the serious problem of human suffering?

10. Noting our huge surplus in food products, should we not be concerned with helping to feed hungry people in the world?

11. How can family groups best observe Thanksgiving in view of the nation's resources and its responsibilities?

E. Close the meeting by singing the prayer hymn, "For the Beauty of the Earth" or use the National Hymn, "America."

III. Resources

"The Balance Is Against Us." An article by Henry Smith Leiper in *Social Action* (Congregation Christian Church).

"Tomorrow's Needs Today" by Donald Newby in *The Bethany Guide*, May 1960.

Hymns We Love, by Cecil Northcott. Westminster Press, Philadelphia, \$2.50.

Meditations of the Heart, by Howard Thurman, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1953, \$2.75.

My Book of Christian Holidays, by Wanda Bell, The Warner Press, Anderson, Indiana, 1959, \$1.75.

What Makes America Great? by W. Earl Waldrop, Bethany Press, St. Louis, \$1.50.

How Christian Parents Face Family Problems, by J. C. Wynn, Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1955, \$2.50.

2. Faith in Our Father's God

by Cecil A. Jarman

The leader for this group will be aware immediately that a firm faith in God is essential. It is an integral part of our religious heritage and is basic to wholesome family living today.

Purpose of Meeting

To show how our nation's past is rooted in a firm faith in God; to make the group aware of the nation's spiritual strength and to aid them in realizing that family life needs to be closely related to the church.

Preparation for the Meeting

Make attractive posters announcing the meeting. Appoint a telephone committee to call participants about the meeting. Arrange for one family to prepare a devotional by "dramatizing" how the pilgrim fathers went to church on Thanksgiving. Request two families to relate to the group how they use their homes to keep alive a vital faith in God.

The leader will prepare for the meeting by being familiar with Thanksgiving customs and reasons for making it a national holiday. The leader will be prepared to guide the group to think about how the family is undergirded by Christian faith. Books and articles relating to the topic should be reviewed in preparation for the meeting.

Conducting the Meeting

A. Let the meeting begin with family devotion conducted by one family who "dramatizes" a family going to church on Thanksgiving.

B. Have the group sing, "Faith

of Our Fathers" and the last stanza of "America."

C. Request an older, consecrated person to speak very briefly on the topic, "Family Faith in My Early Life."

D. The leader may then give a brief résumé of the article, "The Christian Family and Its Faith" by Edwin T. Dahlberg.

E. Follow presentations by an open discussion on, "A Family Faith for Today."

F. Close the meeting with a brief "Fireside Family Devotion" by the minister.

IV. Questions for Discussion

1. To what extent were our pioneers motivated by religious faith when they came to this country?

2. Consider how Christian faith is developed, noting that children's faith is nurtured and strengthened by the family's faith.

3. How can the Christian family best help the child to grow toward Christian maturity?

4. Noting the tensions and difficulties of modern family living, how can we best keep alive "the faith of our fathers"?

5. Our forefathers lived close to the soil and were therefore dependent upon God for the good earth, rain, sun, and warmth. They planted and God gave the increase. Is our need any different? Does urban life have any effect upon our Christian faith?

6. "Family Religion" is now being accepted by the National Council of Churches and various religious groups. What are some of these newer trends?

7. Much emphasis is now on the layman in the churches. How

can the layman strengthen his faith?

8. What can families do to develop a stronger faith in God among all the members of the family group?

9. Consider the possibilities for holding a Family Life Institute in the church to study ways of strengthening a family faith in God.

10. Consider how *Hearthstone* can be a valuable medium that can help the family to increase its faith.

11. Make a list of most recent books and articles pertaining to family life and faith.

12. What can this church do now to develop closer ties between the home and the church?

V. Resources

The Christian and His America by Gerald Kennedy, Harper and Brothers, New York, 1956, \$3.

Christians Alive, by Bryan Green, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1959, \$2.95.

"The Christian Family and Its Faith," by Edwin T. Dahlberg, *HEARTHSTONE*, April, 1958.

Articles in *The International Journal of Religious Education*, November, 1959.

"God's Self-Disclosure" by E. Weldon Keckley in *The Bethany Guide*, May, 1960.

The Layman Examines His Faith, by Gustave Ferré, Bethany Press, St. Louis, 1960, \$1.95.

The Spiritual Legacy of John Foster Dulles, by Henry P. Van Dusen, Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1960, \$3.95.

The Renewal of Hope, by Howard Clark Kee, Association Press, New York, 1959, \$3.50.

Not the Neighborly Sort

(Continued from page 8)

Nathan just went.

"Agnes! Agnes!" That was all he could say. There were many things he wanted to say. How could a fellow find words for the things that raced through his mind? "Get well!" He choked. How could a fellow make her understand that she was everything he had? How could he make her realize that the house was nothing without her?

When the pastor came in again Nathan shook his hand and said, "Thank you, Pastor, for your prayers. Thanks for all you've done."

Then when the pastor was gone, Nathan thought of Charley. It must have been Charley who called the pastor. Good old Charley. All a fellow needed was one good neighbor. There was really no need to have your house cluttered with so many folks—half of them just plain noseys.

Nathan went home from the hospital feeling much better that day. Agnes had a chance! A good chance! Nathan went over to Charley's. After hearing Corine's glad-she's-doing-better remarks, Nathan took Charley by the shoulder.

"Thanks, pal. Thanks for calling the pastor and your doctor. We didn't even know the name of a doctor in town! Being new here and all!"

"Dr. Jamey is a good doctor," Charley said. "But I can't take the credit for calling the pastor. Somehow I didn't think of that."

"Well, who—?"

"Corine says it must have been Alice Johnson. She's the doctor's secretary and took the call."

"Alice—who?"

"Alice Johnson! You must have seen her in church."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad someone called him. I was in such a fog—"

"Of course," Corine put in. "Who wouldn't be in a fog? Finding Agnes the way you did!"

"Well, I aim to pay back every single person," Nathan said. "I want the town to know that while I'm not the neighborly sort, I do pay my debts."

"Nathan, you've got us wrong," Charley said. "There's not a one of these folk that would take a thing for what they've done."

"Well, I aim to find out who did what."

Charley just shook his head. Charley couldn't understand. How could he? Nathan would rather pay each person back and then be done with it rather than feel indebted all his life.

Nathan went back home, grabbed a couple of cookies from a plate that someone had left on his kitchen table. Then he took his hammer and went out to the fence. Now that Agnes was on the gain he may as well try to finish that fence before his new job began.

"Hi, Mister Astle," Merrie greeted him with her nose between the unfin-

ished pickets. "She's better, huh, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's some better." Then it struck him oddly. "But how did you know?"

"I knew she was going to get better all the time. I knew because I asked God to make her better. I knew—"

"Would you like a cookie, Merrie?"

"Would I? Chocolate chip?"

"With nuts!" He motioned to the kitchen. In an instant she was in and out of the house with a cookie in each hand. It did Nathan good to see it. That could be a sort of reimbursement for Merrie's prayers for Agnes.

Come to think of it, he wouldn't know who brought the cookies. Someone must have left them there while he was over to Charley's. The paper plate bore no identification but the cookies were good. Come to think of it, it was mighty difficult to determine reimbursement for all the things that had been done. Nathan sat down by the picket fence and thought about it. Take a prayer. What's proper payment for a prayer?

"I guess you must feel better because she's going to get better. I should have told you before," Merrie said.

"I do feel better."

"I could tell. You know why I could tell? You're smiling."

"But you knew all the time?"

Merrie shook her head. She knew.

Merrie didn't know the real reason for Nathan's smile. What a fool he'd been to think he could always pay back every good turn that had been done to him. He took the hammer and began taking the pickets off the fence.

"Help you?" It was Charley.

"Help me? Yes. I'm taking the thing down."

"But—"

"I know I just started it. You see, Agnes didn't want the fence."

"Well, women change their minds. It's a good looking fence, Nathan."

"Pickets are too tall. No one can step over them." Nathan felt Charley staring at him. He could think of no words to tell Charley that the fence had been a sort of symbol—a leave-me-alone emblem. He could think of no way to tell Charley or Merrie that he had changed.

Charley helped Nathan tear the fence down. Merrie watched quizzically and scampered home when the last picket came down.

"It bothers me, Charley. How does a fellow settle the score? What about all these gifts of food, the cleaning, the flowers, and endless other things?"

"The folks just want to be friendly. Just be friendly back!"

When Agnes came home from the hospital, Merrie was there to greet her. "I brought you a sample of my doll's new dress," Merrie said in a grown-up manner. "When you are stronger and can have more company, I'll bring my doll to see you."

"It's a lovely piece of material,

Merrie. I'm sure it made a nice dress."

Then Merrie scampered across the lawn and over the place where the pickets had been.

Nathan could tell by Agnes' face that she noticed the fence was gone. Agnes was funny that way. She wouldn't say a thing. She would probably never mention the fence at all. Agnes had a wonderful way of erasing things from her memory.

"Know something, Agnes?" Nathan didn't wait for an answer. "A fellow never has too many friends. We're going to have to be friends with the whole neighborhood after all of this."

"Does it sound so difficult?" Agnes smiled like her old self.

"Scares me half to death." Nathan held Agnes' hand. "You know, Agnes, I've never been the neighborly sort."

She placed her other hand over his. No answer was needed. With Agnes he'd make the grade.

"In a couple of weeks there's an anniversary dinner at the church. Church is fifty years old, Charley says."

"It's a good place to begin," Agnes smiled.

Nathan knew she'd be well enough by that time. Nathan felt he might enjoy the get-together. The house had been pretty quiet for quite some time!

Thanksgiving Almost Came Late

(Continued from page 14)

front for him at four——.

"In what year was the first Thanksgiving celebrated, and who was the Governor of Plymouth Colony?" Miss Knight was looking directly at Jimmy. He hadn't heard her call his name, but she must have asked him something.

"I'm sorry, Miss Knight," Jimmy's voice trembled. "I wasn't listening again." He sat petrified in his seat. Miss Knight would put another mark after his name. Another fifteen minutes! That would be forty-five minutes he would have to stay in. He just couldn't. He watched as Miss Knight picked up the chalk and started to make another cross. Suddenly, she turned and smiled.

"I know all of you are fairly bursting with Thanksgiving plans," Miss Knight said. "Instead of lessons, we will take this last twenty minutes and each of you can tell what you plan to do on Thanksgiving." She picked up the eraser and quickly erased Jimmy's name and the little crosses after it. "Jimmy," she smiled at him, "we will start with you. What do you have to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day?"

A deep sigh escaped Jimmy's lips as he stood up. "I'm really thankful for lots of things," he said. "Mother, Daddy, food, a nice home, a teacher like you—but right now I'm most thankful that you aren't going to keep me after school. I began to think I wasn't going to get home in time for Thanksgiving!"



family Counselor

How Can I Help My Son Learn at School?

Q WE HAVE A LITTLE BOY six years old and in the first grade. His teacher has given up trying to get through to him. He just sits there, according to her. He has an average IQ. We have taken him to the child psychiatrist and he says our son is perfectly average, normal little boy. At home he can tell what three and three are. He can rattle off all the names of his dinosaurs, tell you all about the stars and scientific data. I realize this is because it is what he enjoys. He will not put himself out to do anything if he doesn't like it. We tried since he was born to love and accept him for what he is and think we didn't use common sense in making him realize he must do things he doesn't like to do.

What I would like to know is should we just give up and let him take his time, or is there some way that we can motivate him to learn or show his teacher that he knows the things she teaches him? He does know because when I go over the things the teacher sends home, he knows the answers.

I have prayed, I have played games with him to try to interest him in learning to read and he seems to enjoy them. I have had him tutored and with one person he does very well, but let him get in school and he closes right up. I have tried not to give him so much attention at home, too, so that he should be more on his own. Now I just do not know what to do. Any suggestions would be appreciated.

A I WOULD AGREE WITH your child psychiatrist that you have a perfectly normal little boy. Even "normal" children, you know, differ in temperament and in showing initiative and resourcefulness when with groups. So you are wise to try to discover ways by which you may help your son become more responsible to his teacher and the school situation in general. At the same time, you will need to guard against putting too much pressure upon him to change his ways. It is not so much a question, then, of "giving up," to use your expression, and "letting him do nothing in school," as it is to discover if possible the reasons for his lack of responsiveness in school and to remove the causes for it.

You do not indicate whether he attended kindergarten classes before entering the first grade. If this is his first year in school, he may feel very ill at ease with the other children and thus hesitate to compete with them in class activities and discussions. This is especially likely to be true if he does not know many of the children in his grade. You can have some of his classmates to your home to play, and perhaps encourage him to go and see them, this might make him feel more at ease when he is in the schoolroom.

Occasionally older children in a school like to frighten the first-year boys and girls by telling them "big stories" about how strict the principal or teacher is. Consequently, a sensitive child may be so fright-

ened in the presence of a teacher that he is unable to express himself and answer intelligently the questions that may be asked of him. You might check with your son to see if he has any fears about the school or the teacher.

Let me encourage you, too, to have the teacher to your home for a meal—or at least in your home—at which time you encourage your son to share with her some of his special interests. You would hope, too, that if the teacher "makes contact" with him in the informal setting of the home, he would be able to respond to her in the schoolroom. You should, by all means, let the teacher know that your son at home "knows the answers" to what has gone on at school.

It should be remembered, too, that as your son becomes more accustomed to a school situation, he may gradually overcome this initial shyness. In other words, you may find him quite a different child in the second or third grade.

It seems to me that on the whole you have handled the situation very well. Continue to play games with him that may interest him in learning. I appreciate especially your insight that you should not give him so much attention that he will become overly dependent upon you and thus be unable to assert his independence when he is away from home. If you have been too lenient in not helping him realize that there are some things one must do even though he may not wish to do them, begin now to make this emphasis. Above all else, continue to give him your love and to accept him for what he is.

Donald M. Maynard

Head of Department of Religious Education,
Boston University, School of Theology.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 10)

SOLUTION: "Let love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast to what is good; love one another with brotherly affection; outdo one another in showing honor" (Rom. 12:9-10).

The Words

A Boohoo	K Entire
B Tooth	L Thought
C White	M Aloft
D Hovel	N Flowed
E Foolish	O Annoy
F Hone	P Answer
G Wishing	Q Hints
H Ounce	R Alien
I Lived	S Trot
J Beaver	T Great

U Donate

One Teen's Philosophy

(Continued from page 21)

He cited a case which happened enough years ago that I knew he was an avid reader of political science.

"I read about this case," Roger said. "A young man was elected to the Senate. When a vote came up on a certain matter, he voted as he believed. In this instance that meant voting with the opposition party. His party leader was angry. The leader stated: 'You have to stick with your party—vote with them. What do you think you are here for?'" Roger's face registered disgust. "Know what happened?"

It so happened I did. I recognized the senator and the situation. I dodged the answer. I wanted to hear Roger all the way out.

Roger continued: "They took away all the man's patronage. He could not help anyone in his state get a job. They took him off committees and left him helpless for four years. All because the man was basically honest. Was that fair? Is that our democratic way?" Roger asked.

"No," I admitted. I finished the story, telling what I knew. "Then, when this man had served his term, his party refused to run him again and they combined with the opposition to beat him when he ran as an independent."

Roger's face glowed. "So you did know the whole story!" he exclaimed. "Why can't we have a few more statesmen instead of machine-type politicians?"

Frankly, I think a lot of Americans have often wished the same thing.

Roger was far more correctly informed about the real facts of life at sixteen than his father had been at that age. His ideas and criticisms were decidedly natural. He knew

There's an Easier Word for It

By Sue H. Wollam

Define the words in the left-hand column by using the numbers of corresponding definitions in the right-hand column: 10-12—real verbose; 7-9—you're getting there; 6-8—don't give up; below—better dust off the dictionary.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| (1) necrologist— | 1. schoolteacher |
| (2) sanitary engineer— | 2. hag |
| (3) pedagogue— | 3. lawyer |
| (4) buffoon— | 4. woman ballet dancer |
| (5) dick— | 5. child |
| (6) bairn— | 6. simpleton |
| (7) harridan— | 7. clock or watch maker |
| (8) barrister— | 8. foot doctor |
| (9) danseuse— | 9. clown |
| (10) horologer— | 10. obituary writer |
| (11) muggins— | 11. garbage man |
| (12) pedicure— | 12. policeman |

Answers: (1) 10 (2) 11 (3) 1 (4) 9 (5) 12 (6) 5 (7) 2 (8) 3 (9) 4 (10) 7 (11) 6 (12) 8

wrong never made right. He was not taking life or freedom for granted. I sincerely hope that Roger holds on to his "fighting ideas" about right and wrong, justice and injustice. He is more than a teen-ager on a "soap-box." He is America growing up.

I. Rearing for Independence

(Continued from page 24)

a few important ideas. It is not necessary that we arrive at a neat package. Human personality is so varied that no neat package will fit every case. In this type of subject, it is wiser to leave it broadly defined and let the individual parent pick and choose what seems of greatest personal value to him or her.

It is good, however, to make some type of summarization so that the subject matter will not be left as a jumbled haystack of ideas.

Close with a period of prayer and consecration, asking God to give us understanding and skills as parents, the constant help of his Holy Spirit, and a note of consecration to this our most important task as parents.

II. Free Again—for What?

(Continued from page 25)

children are gone.

Some ideas that should be brought out:

1. Maintain the love relationship between the couple. Many parents find themselves strangers to each other after the children have left the home.
2. Plan new activities together—travel, return to school, take short courses of adult education classes, take an active part in the life of the church.
3. Enjoy the role of grandparents without spoiling the grandchildren or interfering with the parents.
4. Make plans for the retirement years.

Again ask the group to approach the discussion from the standpoint of three questions—What? How? When?

WHAT should we do now that we are alone together again?

HOW shall we accomplish these goals?

WHEN should we start preparing for this new stage in life?

Close the meeting with a short summary of the best ideas presented and friendship circle of prayer.

Books for the Hearthside

● For Children ●

Two books designed to fight prejudice and to promote understanding have been published by Friendly House. *The World of Wonderful Differences* by Hans Guggenheim (Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, 1960, unpagged, \$2.50) deals with some of the laws that govern daily life, and the need for perspective.

We Are All Americans by Bettie D. Wilson (Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, 1959, unpagged, \$2.50) is planned for young children. The brief text and the illustrations (by Carl K. Weiss) on each pair of facing pages introduce a child and what he likes to do; his grandfather, where he lived, and what he worked at; what the child's father does. Each had different interests and was of a different nationality—but all were Americans.

Children who were charmed by *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You* will enjoy Joan Walsh Anglund's *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling* (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1960, unpagged, \$1.75). The brief text and quaint illustrations delve deeply into the experiences that, to a child, stand for love. Adults, as well as children, will feel warmed and heartened by this lovely book.

Children who have started a rock collection or those who do not have a hobby but who would like one will be pleased with *Among the Rocks* by Terry Shannon (Sterling Publishing Co., 1956, unpagged, \$2.50). The book contains information about what a rock collector needs, different kinds of rocks, how rocks were formed, how to test rocks to determine the degree of hardness, how rocks are used, and how to exhibit a collection. The illustrations by Charles Payzant add much to interest boys and girls as well as to clarify the text.

Times of illness not only bring physical pain and discomfort to children but may be times of deep emotional impact as well. A series of books have been written for children and their parents by Dr. Marguerite Rush, a well-qualified doctor on the staff at Yale Medical School. The books help them understand how the disease starts, its symptoms and complications, how the child will feel, what to do about it, and how long it will last. A new publishing house—Medical Books for Children—has published the books: *Dear Little Mumps Child*; *Peter Gets the Chickenpox*; *Michael Gets the*

Measles. The books, copyrighted 1959, are unpagged and sell for \$2.75 each.

These books would be excellent to place in the hands of children before, during, and after the diseases considered. The illustrations by George Overlie show some realistic aspects of the diseases and add a touch of humor as well.

● For Older Children ●

Some stories of great hymns are provided in *They Sang a New Song* by Ruth MacKay (Abingdon Press, New York, 1959, 128 pages, \$3.50), a book written to help children to better understand the hymns they sing. Each hymn represents a particular life and time in history. The background is clearly presented through story or epic and in such a way that understanding and greater appreciation of the hymn is obtained. Music for the hymns is written in simplified form. Some of the favorite hymns presented are: "The Doxology," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

● For Young People ●

With high school days behind her, Anna Magnuson in *First Parting* by Skulda Vanadis Banér (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1960, 211 pages, \$3.25) starts out on her own as a teacher in North Dakota. Her pa, realizing the difference that this will make in their home relationship, journeys with her by train as far as he dares to go. Anna is brave and looks forward to the four hundred dollars that she will be able to contribute to her parental home. Anna finds that teaching school is not quite as glamorous as it would appear to be. Shocking needs of the children, homes, and community awaken understanding and resources within her that endear her to those she has grown to love and to the readers who suffer and grow up along with her.

A mystery for young people is the *Secret of the Beach* by Adair R. Sullivan (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1960, 181 pages, \$2.95). With a bent for scheming, Wilbur gets involved in entangling problems. First off, he leaves class early to purchase a book on building small sailboats, only to knock over the rack of books, running up a \$2.25 bill. Then Cotton

Carter, a schoolmate, appears to taunt him in front of the other boys. Escape is a costly delay—before getting back to school, the buses are gone! Home is thirteen long miles away. Luckily Mr. Yetts comes along in an old beat-up car, but acts so mysterious, Wilbur isn't sure that he is glad for the lift. Something about the man gives Wilbur the creeps and provides the mystery beginnings for Wilbur and the readers.

College life is quite a drastic change for Betsy and Jan in *First Semester* by Helen Miller Swift (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1960, 210 pages, \$3.25). Betsy is transparently kind and wholesome. Jan is the lovely but lonely type, afraid that she will not be accepted. They both rush into the college activities, enjoying everything to the fullest. Because Jan is accepted by a rather shallow group, Betsy looks with disdain at Jan, thinking Jan is not really this type and shouldn't be so close to a group so different. A bitter quarrel is inevitable, but is topped with deeper understanding and helpfulness.

● For Adults ●

The Christian church member is a saint. So asserts Peter Day in *Saints on Main Street* (Seabury Press, Connecticut, 1960, 136 pages, \$2.50), a book written for the layman to help him interpret his mission—his special relationship with God, with others in home, office, factory, or in political and social life. Though written especially for the lenten season reading by members of the Episcopal Church, this book speaks to all Christian laymen, helping them to better interpret God's mission for them as saints.

Who Is My Neighbor? (The Seabury Press, Connecticut, 1960, 230 pages, \$3.50) is written by fourteen co-authors and edited by Esther Pike. Each of the authors was chosen because of his lifework and interest in special fields of work. Thus the chapter on the illiterate is written by Frank C. Laubach; the disabled by Howard A. Rusk; the alcoholic by Ebbe Curtis Hoff; the refugee by Alida de Jager; and so on.

Each gives the social application of Christianity as it deals with his specific concern. Very appropriately, the royalties of the book are dedicated to "our neighbors" through organizations such as World Rehabilitation Fund, UNICEF, World Literacy, and others.



Over the Back Fence

A Tragic Broken Record

In the world of sports, "records are made to be broken." Many people watch with interest how modern athletes are exceeding the best marks of the greatest stars of earlier years. Very few such marks have lasted as long as Babe Ruth's still-standing sixty home-runs in one season, over 33 years. Most of us thrill when we hear or read, "Long-standing Mark Shattered."

The news this morning (July 5) tells of a broken record that echoes with tragic sadness. Over the Fourth of July three-day holiday the earliest accounting lists 420 traffic deaths, the new record for this observance. This news item, with all its freight of sorrow and heartache, is a grim and graphic footnote for a little booklet which comes annually to this editorial desk.

The 1960 edition is entitled, *The Dishonor Roll*. Published by the Travelers Insurance Companies of Hartford, Conn., it is the statistical record, illustrated with rather grotesque humor, of the highway and traffic casualties of 1959. It is a tragic reconfirmation of an oft-stated fact: "More have died on the highways than on our nation's battlefields. More have been injured than in all the world's wars combined." Anyone wishing a copy of this booklet should write to the above named companies or their local representatives.

There are too many statistics to quote them all here. Again it should be pointed out, however, that "speed" is still the main factor in over 43 per cent of the deaths and nearly 39 per cent of the injuries. "Speed" in this case means "exceeding the speed limit." This is something all of us can control.

An item of concern to parents is this: The accident involvement record of young drivers worsened in 1959 while the record of older drivers improved. Since the bumper crop of babies of the early 1940's is just now reaching driver

age, parents must make every effort to see that they get good driver training. Ponder soberly (and we mean soberly) these facts of the 1959 tragic record:

37,600 deaths—900 more than in 1958

2,870,000 injuries—45,000 more than in 1958

8,200 pedestrians killed—500 more than in 1958

40 per cent of the deaths occurred on week ends.

80 per cent of the fatal accidents occurred on dry roads in clear weather.

More persons died on Saturday and Sunday than any other three days of the week.

Follow all the safety ideas you can find!

When Are They Too Young to Marry?

Here is a point of increasing tension in American families. The average age for marriage has dropped to a record low in our country. Those who believed that their grandfathers and grandmothers lived in the era of early marriages are due for a rude awakening—it just is not so! "They" are marrying younger now than ever before. The average age for women at the time of first marriage is 20 while for men it is 22.

Parents who want to help their young people make wise decisions in this problem will do well to secure the Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 236, which is entitled, *Too Young to Marry?* (Order from Public Affairs Pamphlets, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, at 25 cents.) This is as nearly unbiased and fair to both sides of the question as it is possible to be.

Our question cannot be answered in the space available here. Indeed there is no single, flat answer which can be given. Many factors besides age enter into the problem. So you and your impatient young people should do some research together and answer it for yourselves.

Poetry Page

Kitchen Help

Her ironing board was good for more
Than smoothing out the things they wore;
In warm-wide interval of peace
She stood, re-stroked a tiny crease
And listened to their teen-age woes—
Still ironing shirts in patient pose.
Along with whimsey of a yoke
She pressed a furbelow of joke . . .
Perhaps that's why she still believes
Compassion comes from smoothing sleeves.

Doris K. Sutcliffe

New Moon

"What does it look like?" asked my daughter,
Gazing out at the crescent moon.
"Search for beauty!" I had taught her—
I was glad she had learned so soon.

Children's fancies are so beguiling!
"A little boat without a sail?"
"Oh, now I know!" and she was smiling.
"It looks like a broken fingernail!"

—Marguerite P. Hersey

Even a Cross

Thank you, dear God, for a difficult task,
For you have trusted me
With a wee small part in your Master Plan
Ere my generation flee.

Help me that I may have wisdom and light;
Give strength enough to win
In the world's mad race with the Evil One—
Even victory over sin.

And, Lord, when the trials and sorrows come
And seem too hard to bear,
Make me to know that even a cross
Can be an answered prayer.

Sue Barksdale Wright

"Please, God"

How often our petitions say, "Please, God,
Give us this day our heart's desire,
Fulfill each need as we require,
Help us reach heights that we aspire.
For these and all our wants we pray, please, God."

All eagerly do we beseech, "Please, God,
Forgive us when we lose our way,
Return us to Thy path today;
Oh, help us, Father, when we pray.
Be kind in what You have to teach, please, God."

Though we God's constant care bespeak,
How seldom we His pleasure seek.

—Elizabeth Norris Hauer

"A gift

is a precious stone in the
eyes of him that hath it."

Proverbs XVII: 8

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